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CAMBRIAN PICTURES;

OR,

EVERY ONE HAS ERRORS.

BY ANN OF SWANSEA.

An age of pain does not atone for a moment of guilt.

T. CORNEILLE.

If that adversity, which arises from loss of fortune, fix our attachment stronger towards the friend that suffers, and force us to new efforts to assist him, the loss of innocence, when it happens from no habitual depravity, forms a much stronger motive to exertion, when those who have fallen struggle to raise themselves up.

SETHOS, *Book 8.*

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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Dedication.

To A. CHERRY, Esq.

*Late of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane,
Author of The Soldier's Daughter, Travel-
lers, &c. &c. &c. present Manager of the
Swansea Theatre, &c. &c. &c.*

DEAR SIR,

In dedicating these volumes to you,
(my first attempt at novel writing) I
gratify only the feelings of my own heart,
for I am conscious that the praise of a
being so insignificant as myself can add
but little to your fame; but I have great
pleasure in twining my humble sprig
with the proud wreath bestowed on you
by an approving and discerning public,

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DEDICATION.

in openly professing myself the sincere
admirer of your talents, and in most re-
spectfully acknowledging myself,

Dear Sir,

your most devoted and obliged
humble servant,

ANN OF SWANSEA.

PREFACE.

“Reader forgive me if the page is dull—I sit down to create a tale of imaginary sorrows, in order to beguile real ones.”

It was I think on the seventeenth of January, a most bitter cold and freezing night, that after having spent some hours very stupidly at the Marchioness of Austerville's masquerade, being heartily tired, I was preparing to depart, and had actually reached the hall door with this intention, when Lady Delwin and her beautiful daughters (who had been at a rout in the neighborhood) entreated the use of my carriage to convey them home, their own having by some accident got entangled with another, and had a wheel torn off. I handed them into my chariot: with pleasure I wrapped my domino round me, and was proceeding to walk to Portland Square; but a heavy shower of rain that instant falling, I was

glad to retreat again to the scene of gaiety I had just quitted, not only with fatigue, but absolute disgust.

I had scarcely entered the ball room, when my attention was arrested by two gentlemen in black dominos, who were loudly disputing on the subject of matrimony. I was myself in love, "steeped to the very lips," and at that very moment weighing and debating the point in my own mind, "whether to be, or not to be" a husband. Thus situated, their conversation was highly interesting, and I attended with the most serious attention to their arguments for and against the wedded state. The one recommended matrimony in the most florid and energetic language, spoke of it as the only sublunary situation in which felicity could possibly be expected, and man appear in the proper dignified and useful character which nature had designed him to support. His antagonist strenuously opposed these opinions, which he called fallacious, visionary, and romantic, spoke

in acrimonious terms of women, their caprices, their follies, their inconstancy, the impossibility of attaching them to any one object, however deserving—and adduced in favor and support of his own arguments several recent instances of female frailty and infidelity, and obstinately persisted that in freedom, unshackled and unrestrained, man could alone find happiness. His opponent was neither convinced nor silenced, but continued with increasing energy to reprobate and condemn his illiberal and profligate ideas, to extol and recommend the wedded state, to represent woman in the most amiable light, and as man's greatest blessing.

“Woman,” said he, pursuing the subject with fervor, “woman is the loveliest object in the creation.” “So she is! by heaven!” said a mask, suddenly interrupting him, who was then passing with a large party; “I adore the whole charming sex; go on, I wait with impatient pleasure to hear their praises.” “Hear him, hear him, hear him!” said several

voices together, and instantly a large circle was formed round the two speakers.

“Pshaw ! ridiculous !” said the anti-matrimonialist, “ he is endeavoring to persuade me to become a husband, to resign all the bewitching delights of variety, wishing to convince me that the bitter draught of matrimony is a most delicious cordial.” “ He might as well try to persuade us, Frank,” said a young buck, taking the arm of the domino, and drawing him into the circle, “ that this nipping, freezing, hyperborean night, is as delightful as a soft balmy moonlight evening in Italy. D—m it, for all the crowd, I am as cold as a winter in Lapland, and yet no doubt he would be hoaxing us with the idea of the boisterous wind being vastly salubrious, though I am sure if I go to bed alone, I shall be found congealed to an icicle before twelve o’clock to-morrow.” A loud laugh followed this elegant and curious speech. The advocate for matrimony had stood irresolute and embarrassed, but on the

cry of hear him, hear him, hear him, being loudly and universally repeated, he bowed gracefully, and after a moment's hesitation, said :—

“ It certainly was not my intention to obtrude my opinions on the public ear ; but thus conspicuously placed, thus publicly called upon, I shall not decline delivering my sentiments on what my feelings induce me to consider a subject of the utmost importance to society in general. At this particular crisis, when dissipated manners, and licentious principles have gained so alarming an ascendancy, and if my arguments, or representations, shall have the good effect of reclaiming the libertine, of removing illiberal prejudice—if my rhetoric shall have power to raise degraded woman to the rank heaven designed her to hold in the mind and heart of man, I shall for ever bless the occasion that presented me with an opportunity of becoming her advocate and champion.”

— “ Bravo ! bravissimo ! and, hear him,

hear him!" resounded from every quarter of the room, which was now crowded. An interesting pause succeeded, when the most profound silence being observed, the speaker resumed his discourse.

"Let not my fashionable friends and associates be surprised or disgusted, if, in order to make my own ideas more impressive, and add weight to my arguments, I call to my assistance a text from a book, which, though but seldom read, and still less attended to, nevertheless abounds with truth and beauty: and which, boasting the resistless charm of novelty, will doubtless claim their attention. I mean the Bible."

A loud laugh from part of the auditors now drowned the voice of the speaker, many of the company exclaiming:—

"Make way, let us go! d—m it, he is going to preach a sermon. What a queer quiz! the fellow is a methodist parson! how the devil did he get admittance here?" Many of the company bustled away, while other masks, attract-

ed by the noise and crowd, again formed a circle round the orator, and on "go on, go on," being vehemently vociferated, he proceeded to say:—"Though my intended discourse is not exactly a sermon, I trust that it will not be considered profanation, if I borrow from the fourth chapter of Ecclesiastes, and the eleventh verse, a text suitable as well to the bitterness of the night, as to my purpose of promoting matrimony.

"If two lie together, then they have heat: but how can one be warm alone?"

"Solomon, that wise and potent monarch, to whose eyes the depths of philosophy were unveiled, and from whose penetration the most abstruse truths were not hidden, confessed after minute and deliberate investigation, that it was not good for man to be alone. In this absolute conviction, no doubt it was he wrote the text, from which I hope to prove the inestimable blessing bestowed on man in the creation of woman: thus says the enlightened and inspired preacher:

“ If two lie together, then they have heat : but how can one be warm alone ? ”

Doubtless when the divine power had formed and fashioned man, and placed him amid the unfading bowers of Paradise, he knew that though he had shaped him in the most perfect mould, in his own express image, had united in his form grace and proportion, flexibility and strength, had embellished his mind with every noble and excellent faculty, with every sense and exquisite feeling, proper and necessary to enjoy and appreciate the value of the innumerable delights that every where surrounded him ; yet love, the vivifying principle, the primary cause of all that attracts or repulses, the light of his existence, was still unawakened. This was still wanting to call forth the energies of his nature, to kindle the dormant warmth of his soul, to complete his felicity. ‘ *It was not good for man to be alone.* ’ Though encompassed with angelic guards, residing in the blissful and aromatic groves of Eden, reposing

on the soft mossy banks of rivers, that rolled their broad pellucid waves over beds of golden sand ; though inhaling the breath of flowers that every where shed their odorous balms around, his eye unconsciously wandered over their various beauties ; no object interested him ; there was an uneasy vacuity in his mind ; he felt a listless void, a cheerless apathy—he *was alone !*

“It is evident from scripture that Adam was created at least a day or two before Eve ; and here we cannot sufficiently admire the wisdom of the Almighty, who by making Adam sensible of the want of a companion, certainly intended to impress upon all his senses the value and importance of the gift he designed to bestow upon him ; for in this short interval man was sensible that he had within him an ungratified desire, a longing after a good unknown and unpossessed : his night or nights passed heavily, cheerless, and cold. ‘ *For how can one be warm alone ?*’ His heart panted for some undiscovered

bliss: he spoke, but no gentle voice replied; echo alone repeated the mournful, solitary, word *alone*. He stretched out his arms to clasp he knew not what; his agitated bosom heaved with deep sighs, but no sympathetic bosom heaved responsive to his undefinable emotions.

“ He was alone !”

“ The rising sun beheld him lord of the creation; the stately and majestic lion crouched at his feet: he beheld the fierce Leopard fawn and lick his hand, but with these he could not associate, on them he could not exhaust the dissolving tenderness that swam in his eyes, that ran in thrilling currents through his veins: he was restless and agitated: lost in wonder, he saw that the beasts and birds had mates; he beheld with indescribable emotion the dove expand her downy wings to receive her glossy partner, and softly nestle his little head among her silky plumage.

“ But he, alas! was alone!”

“ The beasts sunk down in fond embrace, and were warm ;

“ For when two lie together, then they have heat : but how can one be warm alone ? ”

“ The all bountiful and omnipotent creator saw that it was not *good for man to be alone*, and he created woman, lovely, charming, resistless woman : the Almighty gave her glowing in beauty to the arms of man, to be the sharer in his delights, the companion of his pleasures, his last but chief blessing, the supreme crown of his felicity.

“ Adam received her with rapturous gratitude ; his expanded arms embraced her with hallowed transport ; his eyes wandered over the soft and feminine graces of her person with tumultuous delight, while his reason, his faculties bowed before her, and confessed her the sovereign ruler of his passions and his affections.

“ Inspired as with a new soul, all nature appeared to his enraptured sight to wear a brighter and more captivating

aspect. Ten thousand new beauties burst on his astonished view; the golden beams of the refulgent orb of day, the rich and cloudless azure of the sky, the perfume breathing flowers, the song of the birds, the murmuring of the streams, were now beheld and listened to with delight. His eyes sparkled with ineffable joy, his gestures were animated, his step elastic, and his tongue uttered the tender and impassioned language of hope and love.

“But when evening came, when the gorgeous sun had finished his diurnal course, when the dewy star of twilight called home the feathered people to their nests, when he drew his new-gained treasure to the nuptial bower, when reclined on a bed, formed of the fragrant and silken leaves of roses; when folded in each others arms, he found *if two lie together, then they have heat*. It was then, even at that moment of superlative rapture, that man devoutly praised his magnificent creator, and acknowledged with overflowing gratitude the magnitude

of the inexpressible blessing bestowed upon him.

“Let not the licentious or profane presume to suppose that the inspired writer designed by this text to encourage the voluptuary in sensual gratifications, or intended to inflame the senses by saying:—

“If two lie together, then they have heat.”

“The pious and contemplative mind will here search for the true and pure meaning of the text, which it will instantly and entirely divest of sexual meaning. The heat to be understood is not the effervescence of a riotous imagination, nor the feverish impulse of desire; but that delicious sympathy of soul which exists between two persons joined together by the holy and mystical band of marriage; the warm interest they take in all that concerns or affects each other; the ardent solicitude which prompts them to avert as far as human capability can accomplish all that may afflict, or can injure their spiritual or temporal happiness;

“ For how can one be warm alone ? ”

“ Though nature has undoubtedly planted in our bosoms a certain portion of self-love, necessary for our existence and preservation, yet few experience for self that exquisitely warm affection that throbs in every pulse of the heart for the partner of our hopes and wishes. Centered in ourselves, it is only a lukewarm feeling ; but when participated, it kindles with celestial flame, expands in mutual acts of kindness and affection, warming not only our own bosoms, but extending with melting tenderness to our offspring, and glowing with zeal and charity for all the human race.

“ Assuredly the wise Solomon, in writing the text, meant forcibly to recommend matrimony, not only as productive of extreme delight to two persons mutually attached, but also as a powerful means of extending and strengthening the links of society, affording to man an opportunity of softening the ruggedness and asperity of his nature, and of populating the world.

“ The nature of man is not solitary, for he is pensive and unhappy when alone, he experiences the privation of those tendernesses, those enchanting attentions, which woman from the natural softness of her disposition, the elegant refinement, the exquisite delicacy of her mind, best knows how to dispense.

“ Woman is in reality every thing to man ; she arranges all that peculiarly belongs to his person ; she regulates with systematic exactness the economy of his domestic concerns, decorates his table by the graceful ease of her deportment, and affability of her conversation, encreases his comforts, and adds to the number of his friends. In the hour of affliction her tender consolations sooth his troubles, in sickness her voice animates and cheers him, her hand gently smooths his uneasy pillow, and with patient and watchful tenderness she administers to all his ailments.

“ Feeling and knowing that woman is really the *cordial drop* thrown by

heaven into life's cup of bitters, how is it possible that man can exist alone? Matrimony is a sacred and honorable state, and where two persons of congenial mind resolve to promote and contribute to each other's felicity, it is "a consummation devoutly to be wished." O, ye who have never known the holy delights of wedded love, no longer deprive yourselves of a happiness which the Almighty himself ordained, and the wisest of men recommended, both by precept and example. No longer shiver through the cold and cheerless night, but be convinced that *one cannot be warm alone.*

"Solomon, the greatest monarch that ever reigned; Solomon, the wisest of the sons of men most, certainly intended to promote matrimony, not only as a laudable, but absolutely necessary institution; and who will be hardy enough to question the wisdom of Solomon? To him who has experienced the felicity of conubial love, it will be surely unnecessary

to enforce the words of the preacher. He will not want to have it pointed out to him how much delight he loses by a solitary life, of how many days of comfort, and nights of blissful repose, he deprives himself: it surely will not be necessary to say to him, attend to the words of the inspired preacher, for thus hath the wise Solomon written, in the fourth chapter of Ecclesiastes, and the eleventh verse,

“ If two lie together, then they have heat: but how can one be warm alone?”

The orator ceased, bowed profoundly, and complaining of fatigue, the circle divided, he darted forward, and was out of sight in an instant, while some warmly applauded his discourse, and others declared his intellects were deranged, and that he was much fitter for a dark garret, and a straight waistcoat, than the polished entertainments of elegance and fashion. The crowd which this singular occurrence had attracted now dispersing, I perceived my old and particular friend

Lord Elphinstone, with a gentleman, who being without a mask, discovered the handsomest and most intelligent countenance I ever beheld, but clouded with so deep a shade of melancholy, that the most superficial observer might discover his mind partook not of the festivity of the surrounding scene. As I approached, Lord Elphinstone started from the pillar against which he was leaning, and came forward to meet me, and after having exchanged a few mutual compliments and inquiries, introduced me to the Honorable Mr. Delamere. Our conversation turned on the sermon we had just heard. Mr. Delamere praised the orator's delivery, which certainly was animated, elegant, and accurate; he also spoke in terms of general approbation on the subject of his discourse, and added that his opinion perfectly coincided with the speaker's respecting the happiness of the married state, where it was a union of hearts, and not a mere compact of interest. Lord Elphinstone gaily re-

plied :— “ Well then, Horatio, as you thus publicly allow that you consider wedlock a desirable and eligible state, I trust you will very shortly select a fair one for your bride from among the very many who are displaying all their graces, and putting on all their charms, in order to warm your icy heart, with the delightful hope of being distinguished by the desirable appellation of the Honorable Mrs. Delamere.”

Mr. Delamere attempted to smile, but it was a fruitless effort: a sigh in spite of his endeavors would have way. He shook Elphinstone by the hand, politely bowed to me, and wishing us good morning, walking away.

“ If personal beauty,” said I, gazing after him, “ can attract and attach, surely no man has higher pretensions to female favor than Mr. Delamere, and no man is more courted or more admired by the ladies than he is: his person is uncommonly fine.” “ And his mind is equal if not superior to his exterior,”

replied Elphinstone. “ I am hurt to the soul to perceive that I have incautiously touched a chord whose slightest vibration gives him pain. I know that he will never marry : poor fellow ! his affections are buried never to revive. I see I have excited your curiosity, and as I know I can rely upon your secrecy and honor, I will in the course of the days send you a history of the particular incidents which he in the fever of romance considers sufficient to condemn him to perpetual celibacy.” The company had now nearly deserted the magnificent apartments of the marchioness. Lord Elphinstone and myself left the mansion at the same moment ; and as he ascended his carriage, which drew up before mine, I repeatedly bade him remember the promised history. My own disposition being enthusiastic and romantic, I expected to find in the narrative of Mr. Delamere sentiments and feelings exactly in unison with my own. I already felt inclined to love, to pity, and respect him, and most

impatiently longed for the development of his character, that I might ascertain to how large a portion of my esteem he had a claim. Having reached home, I hastily undressed and threw myself into bed, in a state of mind not easily defined; one moment my heart, yielding itself up to confidence and tenderness, resolved upon soliciting an immediate union with the beautiful object of my affections, so much did I accord with the sentiments, and approve the picture the young orator at the masquerade had drawn of woman; the next the pale and interesting countenance of Delamere presented itself to my imagination, and I resolved that his story should either determine me to marry immediately or to break off my attachment by a violent effort at once, and go abroad. Agitated with hopes and fears, with doubts and resolves, it was long before I slept, and late in the day before I awoke: my first inquiry was for the wished for and expected packet; it was not arrived. I remained all day at home, no packet came. I sat down to a solitary dinner, reconcil-

ing my mind with all the old rules which the sages of antiquity wrote, to prove that disappointment is the natural inheritance of man. After I had drank a few glasses of wine, I prepared to visit my fair enslaver. I had taken up my hat, when a servant entered with the packet. "No," said I, laying it on a table beside me; "no, my lovely Caroline, I will not visit thee till I am acquainted with the sorrows of Delamere." I sat down and wrote her a billet; my heart smote me for wording it so coldly. I hesitated whether I should not burn it, and write her another. I held it over the flame of the candle. "Hang it," exclaimed I, "let it go:" should Delamere's history determine me not to marry, why she will have less to accuse me of on the score of profession. I dispatched my billet, and tore open the envelope of the packet. What a piece of work is man, how noble in faculties, how infinite in reason, and yet with this infinite reason, these noble faculties, I trembled like a weak woman, as the first words of Delamere's narrative met my eyes: "*Thou*

shalt not commit adultery. ’ “ I will never marry,” said I, laying down the packet, and throwing up the sash : the window looked into the square, I watched the groups that past : many of them no doubt were married, some of them perhaps happily, but to be dishonored. It was an agonizing thought. I looked up to the sky ; the moon was struggling through a dark cloud. “ Just so,” exclaimed I, mentally, “ man is fated to buffet with adversity, and were it not for hope, whose bright beams irradiate his gloomy path, life would not be worth preserving.” I continued to muse on the chance of attaching the heart of a woman, on the means of securing her affections, when the servant entered with an answer to the billet I had sent to Caroline : she expressed some solicitude respecting my health, supposing that I walked home when I put her mother, herself, and sister, into my carriage the preceding night, and requested my company to supper. “ I shall not go,” said I, throwing her note disdainfully from me ; “ she is too easily won ; in

order to secure her conquest, she should be cold and repulsive. She knows the poverty of her house, and wishes to secure to herself an affluent alliance. She deceives herself; I come not to her lure; I will never marry." I threw myself on the sofa, and for a moment fancied my heart was free; but as my eye glanced upon her note, which lay upon the carpet, fancy presented her as she really is, modest, beautiful, and gentle, a blush on her cheek, and a tear in her eye. I snatched up her note, read it again; it was delicate and proper; my conscience reproached me. I pressed the note to my lips, thrust it into my bosom. "I will sup with thee, my lovely Caroline." I caught up my hat, pushed Delamere's papers into a cabinet, resolved to defer their perusal to the next day, when my senses would be more calm, and my mind less prejudiced, when the voice of Caroline should have soothed my perturbed spirits, and her beautiful person and correct behavior again persuaded me to believe that women are angels.

CAMBRIAN PICTURES,

OR

EVERY ONE HAS ERRORS.

CHAPTER I.

“ ————— What’s the vain boast
Of sensibility, but to be wretched?
In her best transports lives a latent sting,
Which wounds as they expire.”

Anne Yearsley.

AUGUSTUS MORTIMER was the second son of Lord Dungarvon, a nobleman as remarkable for his unbounded pride as his ridiculous and unconquerable partiality for genealogy. All the branches of his house for time immemorial had on every side made honorable and dignified alliances, and when Augustus reached the age of manhood, his family were

thrown into the utmost consternation, rage, and astonishment, by his peremptorily refusing to offer his hand to Lady Lavinia Montalban, the niece of the Duke of Aluster, merely because his romantic mind felt no predilection in her favor. Pomp, rank, aggrandizement, were the ruling passions of the ostentatious Mortimers, and they had not entertained the most distant notion that a descendant of their's would disgrace and sully the noble and ancient armorial bearings of their honorable and illustrious house, with quartering upon it any arms less dignified than nobility. Augustus was young, ardent, and romantic. Having an elder brother, who was his mother's doating boy, the early part of his life had been spent with an aunt, who having unfortunately conceived a passion for a man of inferior rank, had voluntarily devoted herself to celibacy, rather than disgrace her noble house, by introducing into it a person whose family were engaged in commerce. From Mrs. Gertrude

Mortimer Augustus imbibed sensibility, and elevated sentiment, but she failed to inspire him with pride, to which she had sacrificed the happiness of her existence. Mrs. Gertrude Mortimer had certainly designed to make Augustus the heir of her fortunes, but dying suddenly, and without a will, he became entirely dependant on his father, Lord Dungarvon, who perceiving, with no small degree of resentment, how little worship rank obtained from Augustus, bestowed on him but a small portion of the affection he lavished on his son Richard, who in person and mind was the exact counterpart of himself. Ostentatious pomp was not the idol of Augustus; he paid no adoration to rank—his young heart resigned itself, with all its hopes and wishes, all its tender and impassioned impulses, to the daughter of the Vicar of Lyston, to which living he had been presented by Lord Dungarvon. In the morning of life the mind is sanguine; whatever it

wishes it believes possible. It had never entered the imagination of Augustus, from the marked indifference with which he had ever been treated, that his parents would think him of consequence enough to oppose his inclination, as they had repeatedly declared, they looked up to his brother Richard as the support and guardian of their ancient and future dignities; he could not conceive that Lord Dungarvon, when he should be acquainted with the state of his heart, and the bounded extent of his wishes, would deny his assent to an union on which his peace and happiness depended, or refuse to bestow on him the means to support the lovely object of his affections, in retired and elegant sufficiency.

Louisa Berresford's virtues, beauty, and attainments, were undeniable; but all these are nothing, when the grand essentials, rank and fortune, are wanting. Augustus's avowal was received by his relations with rage and contempt; he was bade, on peril of their everlasting

displeasure, to think no more of so disgraceful an alliance. The innocent Louisa was accused of art, and her father, the most liberal, just, and upright of men, of encouraging her ambitious designs—of wishing to mix his plebeian blood with the rich, uncontaminated stream of the noble and illustrious Mortimer's.

At these violent, gross, and unfounded accusations, the generous spirit of Augustus took fire; he vindicated the injured characters of Louisa and her father with manly and becoming warmth; protested that Mr. Berresford was absolutely ignorant of his affection for his daughter, nor knew that he had professed himself her lover. Lord Dungarvon commanded him to be silent, and rising haughtily from his seat, bade him prepare to attend him the next morning to the Duke of Aluster's. "Resolve, sir," said he, sternly, "to become the husband of Lady Lavinia, who honors you with her esteem, and is willing to bestow

herself and her immense fortune on you, unworthy as you are." "I confess myself unworthy," said Augustus; "I have nothing to offer in return for this excessive generosity, except cold respect." "That is quite sufficient," rejoined Lady Dungarvon: "People of rank leave to the commonality the vulgar and fulsome nonsense of love." "He is in possession of my sentiments," replied Lord Dungarvon; "let him accede to my wishes, or he is no longer my son." Saying this, he stalked from the saloon, followed by her ladyship and Richard Mortimer, leaving Augustus to reconcile his mind to splendid misery, or inevitable poverty. He chose the latter—his mind understood the duties of a son, but he felt those duties might be carried too far, when they demanded the sacrifice of his dearest hopes, his tenderest affections. He revered his parents, but he was not a blind and submissive slave to their ambitious schemes and imperious mandates; he was convinced that

the gentle artless Louisa loved and confided in him ; and after a few struggles between duty and affection, he determined to fulfil his engagement to her immediately, and to trust to time and nature to reconcile him to his family. He was setting off on a visit to the vicarage when he was summoned to his mother's dressing room. " Augustus," said she, taking his hand as he entered, " I grieve to think how much you have irritated your father, who has set his heart upon an alliance with the Aluster family, on account of their great ministerial interest ; but I trust a few moments consideration has convinced you of the folly of opposing the united desires of your relations : having heard our just and proper representations, you no doubt entirely relinquish the ridiculous and degrading intentions of introducing into a family of our rank and consequence the mean and indigent daughter of an obscure country parson. " Speak of Louisa Berresford,

madam;" said he sternly, "as she is—as the virtuous, elegant, and accomplished daughter of the most enlightened, the best, and noblest of mankind." 'The best, because he suffers no worldly passions, no ambitious wishes to actuate his actions; the noblest, because he scorns to degrade with contemptible malice innocence and worth, let destiny have allotted them a rank in society ever so humble.' Lady Dungarvon felt the justice of his reproof; her color heightened: "I was in hopes, sir, to convince you of the impropriety of your conduct. I was inclined to treat your ridiculous passion as a mere boyish attachment to a girl whom chance had provided with a few favorable opportunities of shewing you kindness; but I perceive it would be mere waste of words to attempt to reason with a person who wilfully shuts his eyes against conviction. But take heed, infatuated boy," continued she, swelling with passion; "your obstinate spirit may be taught to yield, or

if it perversely persists in disobedience, your contumacy may be visited on the head of the syren who seduces you from your duty. It will be strange, indeed, if a man of Lord Dungarvon's consequence cannot find means to punish and remove the obstacles to his wishes." Augustus was about to speak—Lady Dungarvon interrupted him. "No reply, sir; I have fulfilled my duty as a mother, in pointing out your's as a son: you may retire, sir." Augustus bowed and left the dressing room. Her ladyship's menace filled him with apprehensions; he knew that the noble-minded Berresford would never consent to his daughter's entering into his family by a clandestine marriage; he also knew that the worthy vicar considered himself under obligations to Lord Dungarvon, and he feared that his family might influence him to remove Louisa from the country. To prevent the possibility of this, he determined to persuade her to elope with him that very

night. Having arranged all matters necessary for a journey to Scotland, with a faithful servant whom he ordered to wait with a post-chaise and four horses in a lane near the high road, he set off for the vicarage.

Louisa Berresford was just turned of seventeen—Augustus Mortimer was little more than twenty-one: the very age when passion, full of fiery impetuosity, derides and overwhelms the cold lessons of caution and prudence. He was handsome, ardent, and eloquent; she was tender, gentle, and susceptible;—he vowed, argued, and persuaded—she loved, believed, and consented. She left the Vicarage with her eyes swimming in tears, exclaiming, “My father, my dear father!” Augustus placed her in the chaise, followed her himself, ordered the postillions to proceed, and by taking a circuitous rout, evaded the messengers Lord Dungarvon had dispatched to overtake and bring back the fugitives. They arrived without impediment or interrup-

tion in Scotland, were married, and as expeditiously as possible returned to the Vicarage. But what was the remorse and agony of Louisa, when she found the house shut up, and her father lying ill at a neighbouring cottage ! The feelings of Mr. Berresford had been severely wounded by the inconsiderate elopement of Louisa ; but he remembered that he had himself been young, been in love, and imprudent, and he forgave her, though he too truly foresaw the train of evils that would inevitably follow this ill-advised marriage. The third day after their elopement he received a note from Lord Dungarvon, containing the bitterest reproaches, accusing him of the basest ingratitude, and hinting that it was expected he would resign the living bestowed on him at a time when his lordship supposed him incapable of seducing his son from his duty, and of bringing eternal disgrace on an illustrious house. Berresford, though mild and

peaceable, had yet a touch of human nature ; his feelings were hurt, his pride was wounded :—he resigned the living, and when Louisa threw herself at his feet and implored forgiveness, he was struggling with the double anguish of present pain, and the dread of future poverty. The sight of his Louisa was, however, his most powerful restorative—he blessed and pardoned her. Augustus, who dreaded that the influence of his family would be exerted to separate him from his wife, immediately procured a licence, and was again married to her in the presence of a few witnesses at a neighbouring church. He then applied to his particular friend, Sir Owen Llewellyn, who having lately married, had retired from the tumultuous scenes of high life, to enjoy nature in her sublime and beautiful character, among the romantic mountains of North Wales. Sir Owen Llewellyn's friendship evinced itself in actions, not professions ; he presented Mr. Berresford with a living,

which though not equal in value to that of Lyston, was yet sufficient to afford him those comforts and conveniences he had been accustomed to ; and what was of the utmost consequence to his present frame of mind, it enabled him to quit for ever a spot where he had received undeserved outrage, and unmerited insult. To the care of Sir Owen Llewellyn and his amiable wife Augustus committed his Louisa while he attempted a reconciliation with his relations : his endeavours to procure an interview with any branch of the family were entirely unsuccessful---the domestics were strictly forbidden to admit him within the gates of Mortimer Abbey. Finding it impossible to gain an audience, he tried to soften the obdurate hearts of his parents by letters ; here he was also disappointed, for all, except the first, were returned unopened. Yet still Augustus hoped, that when time had softened their resentment affection would return, and that they would yet do justice to the

merits of his Louisa, and receive her as their daughter. He repaired to Dolgetty Castle, and in the soothing of friendship, and the endearments of love, forgot for a short time the anguish occasioned by the inflexibility of his parents. But from this transient dream of happiness he was soon roused by the receipt of a packet sealed with the Dungarvon arms, which on opening he found contained a captain's commission in a regiment raising for the West Indies, and a draught for two thousand pounds. In the envelope was written, "Augustus Mortimer has no longer father, mother, brother, or relations—by his disgraceful marriage he has dissolved all ties of consanguinity: but to prevent further infamy from attaching to the illustrious family of which he was once a member, they enclose him the means of providing bread for the woman he has made his wife, and of seeking for himself an honorable grave. If he accedes to the wishes of Lord Dungarvon and goes abroad it will

be well—if not, his lordship desires that he may never again hear from or be troubled on his account.”

This was too much for the sensitive mind of Augustus; he fell senseless into the arms of Sir Owen Llewellyn; a fever seized his brain, and he lay many weeks at Dolgetty Castle in a state of derangement. The mournful intelligence of his illness reached Mortimer Abbey; it was talked of and deeply lamented by the domestics, by whom he was much beloved. It reached the ears of Lord and Lady Dungarvon, but it made no impression on their hearts; he had disappointed their ambitious views, and stifling every natural emotion, they only expressed a wish that he might expiate by his death the wound that his rebellious conduct had given to their family pride. Contrary to the predictions of the faculty, Augustus, after having tottered as it were on the very verge of eternity, began slowly to recover; but as his health returned that of the delicate Louisa be-

gan to decline: his illness had banished all the hopes her sanguine imagination had cherished—she saw that she had crushed for ever the fortunes of the man she idolized; she felt that she had drawn down upon him the malediction of his parents. With unutterable anguish she beheld herself the insuperable bar to his future greatness; her mind was acutely agonized, and though the attentions and adoration of Augustus knew no abatement, yet every cloud that passed across his fine countenance struck upon her heart as a reproach—every sigh he heaved gave an additional pang to her bosom. With the advice of Mr. Berresford and Sir Owen Llewellyn it was agreed that he should accept the commission and join the regiment, part of which was already embarked for Barbadoes.

Louisa was now far advanced in pregnancy, and it was with much difficulty on her part, who wanted to accompany her husband abroad, concluded that she should remain at Dolgetty Castle, under

the protection of Sir Owen and Lady Llewellyn, till after her *accouchement*, when herself and the child were to follow the destination of Augustus. Fifteen hundred pounds Augustus vested in the funds for the use of his wife, from whom he parted with agonies almost too great for human nature to sustain.

“ We shall never meet again in this world,” said Louisa throwing herself into the arms of her father, as the chaise which conveyed away her husband was hid by the woods that surrounded Dolgetty Castle, and she spoke prophetically. The winds were favorable—no storm impeded their passage. Augustus arrived with the troops safely at Barbadoes—he distinguished himself on many occasions ; was promoted to the rank of major ; his prospects began to brighten. His constitution had withstood the unwholesome climate—hope had again arisen in his heart, his Louisa was to come out to him in the spring. An insurrection had taken place among the blacks ; his

regiment was ordered out. Augustus was considered the post of danger, the post of honor; he received a wound in his side from a poisoned spear, the blacks were reduced, and Augustus found an honorable grave. He was interred with military honors, and his brother officers, to whom his story was known, shed upon the earth that covered his remains the mingled tears of respect and pity.

Louisa had given birth to a son, who was named after her father and her husband, Henry Augustus. She employed herself busily in making preparations for her intended voyage, while her father and her friends saw that consumption with rapid strides was hurrying her to "that bourn from which no traveller returns." While animated with the transporting hope of joining her husband, Louisa neither felt nor complained of illness; but her altered figure reduced to shadowy thinness, the frequent hectic flushings of her cheek, the progress of her disorder, spoke too plainly to

the apprehensive heart of her father. She bore the news of her husband's death with uncommon fortitude : after reading the letter that brought the fatal intelligence she turned with a faint smile to Lady Llewellyn, and said, " I shall not long survive him ; he is gone a short time before me to that world where goodness and virtue only obtain pre-eminence. I said but too truly that we should meet no more in this world ; but oh ! my Augustus, my adored ! thou whose image never for one moment since our cruel separation has left my mind. I shall shortly be with thee to part no more." In a few moments she sunk into a gentle sleep, in which she continued for some time ; a faint colour settled on her cheeks ; a smile played on her lips, and when she awoke her eyes shone with uncommon lustre. She was supported to a venetian window that opened on the lawn.

The moon had risen, and the clear blue vault of heaven was thickly studded with stars. It was the middle of summer ;

she complained of heat—the window was thrown open, and a servant at that instant entering with candles, at her desire retired with them again. “ This soft tender light,” said Louisa, “ I am particularly pleased with. I remember, O, hour of bliss ! I remember it was at the tranquil hour of twilight that my sainted Augustus first confessed his love—that love,” continued she deeply sighing, “ which blighted all his budding honors ; that love which has fatally terminated his existence ! I have often pleased myself with the idea that my beloved mother, who died when I was quite a child, witnessed and approved my actions. Tell me, dear Lady Llewellyn, what is your opinion—do you think the immortal spirit, after death, is admitted to a knowledge of the transactions of this world ? ” Lady Llewellyn tenderly took her hand and replied, “ My dear Louisa, this is a subject on which no person can presume to speak with any degree of certainty ; but surely there is something pleasing in

the idea of our departed friends watching over and approving our conduct ; but whether it is really so or not there is certainly nothing wrong in encouraging the idea, because it may be a means of suppressing evil propensities, and inciting us to goodness and virtue, while we believe that those we most loved and valued in this life are, though invisible to us, spectators of our most secret transactions."

" I thank you," said Louisa, " and am delighted to find that your opinion on this subject does not materially differ from my own." Her father now entered the apartment and seated himself on one side of her. She requested to have her child brought ; she took him up in her arms, pressed him to her bosom, and raising her beautiful eyes to heaven said, " Not long shall I remain in this world ; may it please the Almighty Disposer of Events that thy father and myself may be permitted to watch over my babe !" " Louisa !" said Mr. Berresford mourn-

fully. "Oh, my dear father," continued she, "I have occasioned you much trouble and sorrow; my imprudence has poisoned the peace of two hearts dearer to me by far than my own. My ill-advised marriage has been a source of perpetual grief to you, and eventually it has murdered my Augustus! but I beseech you pardon me: I feel I am going to him, and I trust that Lord Dungarvon's resentment will be buried in the grave of her who has unfortunately caused him so much inquietude. Thy father," said she pressing the soft cheek of the sleeping infant, "thy father is in heaven! May Lord Dungarvon extend to thee that affection and kindness he denied to his son." She grew faint—the child was taken from her; she sunk on the shoulder of her father, and the moonbeams falling on her pale face gave her the appearance of something super-human. In a few moments she recovered: Sir Owen Llewellyn had now entered the room, and had taken the child from its

nurse. A medicine was administered to Louisa, who observed it was very bitter ; “ But what,” continued she, “ is the bitterness of this compared with the agonizing reflection that I must leave that helpless babe a destitute orphan—fatherless, motherless !”

“ Not so,” replied Sir Owen ; “ speak not thus despondingly ; the child of Augustus Mortimer becomes mine not only by adoption, but by the remembrance of that friendship so sincerely felt, so sacredly observed by his father and myself ; here is its mother.” Lady Llewellyn received the infant on her bosom, and in a voice drowned in tears assured Louisa that she would ever consider him as her own—that she would, in every sense of the word, be a mother to him. Mr. Berresford’s feelings rendered him nearly inarticulate, and it was with great difficulty he could express, that while he lived he would not fail to watch over him with the fondest solicitude and tenderest care. }

The strength of Louisa was unequal to this affecting scene ; she endeavoured to express her gratitude to Sir Owen and Lady Llewellyn ; she tried to console her father. She kissed and blessed her child, and after continuing silent for some time, said, “ I could have wished that my mortal part might rest with my Augustus ; that as our hearts were firmly united, our ashes might have formed at last one undistinguished heap ; but it matters not. The ocean now rolls its broad waves between us, but our souls will shortly be joined in those realms of happiness where calamity can persecute no more. My father, I see you not ; once more bless your Louisa.”

“ Bless thee ! bless thee, my child ! ” said the weeping Berresford, who with clasped hands was bending over the end of the sofa on which she reclined. “ To-morrow,” said Louisa, as if suddenly recollecting herself, “ to-morrow I shall be nineteen—I shall not see to-morrow !—my course is soon finished !

Oh ! ambition, how many victims dost thou immolate on thy insatiable altar ! Augustus, I am thine for ever—Heaven be merciful !”—Her eyes closed, her lips moved for a moment, but they uttered no sound ; her frame underwent a slight convulsion, her pulse stopped, her heart ceased to beat ; the breath that animated the pale but beautiful form was fled for ever. Louisa Mortimer was buried under a plain marble slab, in Dolegelly church, simply inscribed with her age ; but though the marble bore no testimony of the loveliness of her person, and the virtues of her mind, in the hearts of her father and her friends the remembrance was recorded : and it was long, very long before they ceased to lament, that so much loveliness and worth was at so early a period consigned to the oblivious darkness of the grave. Louisa had been buried many weeks before Mr. Berresford was sufficiently recovered to look over her papers, among which he found

a note to himself, inclosing a letter to Lord Dungarvon, in which she particularly requested, that as soon as she was dead, her letter might be forwarded to Mortimer Abbèy: he immediately inclosed it in a few lines from himself.

To the Right Hon. Lord Dungarvon.

My Lord—the writer of the letter I have the honour of transmitting to you has nothing now to hope or fear from the house of Mortimer, she sleeps peacefully in an humble grave, prepared for her by hard-hearted pride and inflexible ambition. I hold the wishes of the dying sacred: but had not my now beatified Louisa made it her particular request that her letter should be delivered to your lordship, you never would have been troubled with a remembrance of any sort from

HENRY BERRESFORD.

To the Right Hon. Lord Dungarvon.

At the moment when my heart has overcome all its resentments, subdued all its passions, save only one which is wove into my existence, and will only expire with its last throb, my unconquerable love for Augustus Mortimer, I presume to address your lordship in favor of his child.—Remember his father is no more: perhaps you will say he might still have lived but for me—might have been great and happy—spare me I beseech you; a few, a very few days will terminate the existence of her, so hated, so despised—but my child, the child of Augustus Mortimer, the grandson of Lord Dungarvon—will you visit on his innocent head the crime of his parents, must he be reprobated and abandoned: surely you must have more justice, more humanity—receive him, protect him: his duty, his obedience,

shall expiate the offences of his parents : perhaps he may be fated to perpetuate the name of Mortimer : condemn him not to obscurity ; let him not be brought up on the bounty of strangers, who may hereafter say the heir of Dungarvon owed his very existence to their charity : but now, when the remains of the ill-fated Augustus Mortimer moulder in a foreign clime, when the wretched heart-broken Louisa sinks into the grave, receive their offspring, and by your protection of him, prove that resentment is not carried beyond the tomb, so may your latter days be blest with tranquillity, so may your last moments be soothed with the consoling thought, that you have effaced the injuries you heaped upon Augustus Mortimer, with kindness to his son. May heaven so prosper you, as you fulfil the last request of

“ LOUISA MORTIMER.”

Lord Dungarvon, after reading the letter, snatched up a pen, and addressed Mr. Berresford in the following terms :

“ Sir, I return you the letter you inclosed me from your daughter, of the legality of whose marriage with the late Major Augustus Mortimer I am, I must confess, not exactly satisfied ; it is now, however, a matter of no kind of consequence—My son, the honourable Mr. Mortimer, will in a few days unite himself to a lady of high birth and exalted rank, which marriage I trust will raise an heir to the illustrious house of Mortimer, whose claims will be clear and indisputable ; in the mean time I beg leave to signify, that I do not consider myself at all bound to provide for the future support or establishment of the offspring of guilt and disobedience.

DUNGARVON.”

“ Proud and unfeeling man,” said Berresford as he read the letter, “ the hour may arrive when your heart may be sensible of the sorrows of mine—you may yet be childless as I am—and this poor orphan boy, whom your inveterate malice would

ever stigmatize with illegitimacy, you may yet be obliged to look up to, to perpetuate that name and those honors of which you are now so proudly vain."

Mr. Berresford lived to see Henry Mortimer five years old, the darling of Sir Owen and Lady Llewellyn, who shared between him and their own daughter, who was born three years after the decease of Mrs. Mortimer, their warmest affections. Adeline Llewellyn was a lovely interesting child, mild, timid, and gentle—Harry was bold and spirited, full of frolic and mischief, but fond to excess of Adeline, whose smile would recompense him for any difficulty he encountered, and whose voice would allure him from his young companions, and his most favorite sports. They studied, walked, and rode together. Adeline regarded Henry with the temperate affection of a sister, while he felt for her a sentiment more tender, more ardent, more impassioned than that of a brother. Henry had just attained his

eighteenth, and Adeline her fifteenth year, when Lady Llewellyn after a short illness died, lamented by all that had the happiness of knowing her. Sir Owen's excessive grief for her loss had nearly proved fatal to him, when the recollection of the unprotected situation of his daughter recalled the wish for life; he now exerted himself to sooth her sorrows, and reconcile her mind to a misfortune which was irremediable: he again attended to her studies, and busied himself in preparing Henry for the finishing of his education at Cambridge. In these occupations his mind felt great relief, and Adeline too discovered that employment took much from the keen edge of sorrow. At length the time arrived for Henry's departure. Sir Owen allotted him a liberal stipend for college expences: he was now entering into life; and as Sir Owen had lived in the gay world, and knew the dangers and temptations to which a young man of acute

sensibility and warm passions was likely to be exposed, he gave him such advice as he considered appropriate to the occasion. "I do not expect you to be absolutely faultless," my dear Henry, said he : "I hope I have sufficient liberality of mind to make allowances for accidental errors, and unpremeditated weaknesses ; but I trust the lessons of goodness, the precepts of virtue you have so often received from that angel who is now no more, will never be effaced from your heart ; that the remembrance of them will deter you from the commission of any act that would disgrace my friendship, or degrade the name of Mortimer. Return to me again the same open hearted generous fellow that you depart ; bring back to me my son, and to Adeline her brother." Henry was affected, his eyes filled with tears, while he promised never to forget the advice of his more than father. He folded Adeline to his bosom, kissed away the tear

that was straying down her cheek, and several times entreated her not to forget to write to him.

After the departure of Henry, Dolegelly castle became dull: and as it was winter, and the ground covered with snow, Adeline felt in her confinement to the house the loss of his society, which was scarcely compensated by the company of her favorite friend Eliza Tudor, the daughter of Sir Griffith Tudor, who resided at the distance of two short miles from the castle. Eliza Tudor was a little lively animated brunette, with glossy raven tresses, and sparkling black eyes: Adeline Llewellyn was tall and graceful, with the airy lightness of a sylph; her eyes were a lucid melting blue, her skin was transparently fair, and her hair a light auburn, which, falling into natural ringlets, strayed over her ivory forehead, and wantoned upon her fine turned neck: her rosy mouth was adorned with dimples, and her teeth might without exaggeration have been

compared to pearls: added to this extreme loveliness of person, Adeline was highly accomplished—she danced elegantly, was a perfect mistress of music: the harp was her favorite instrument, and she accompanied its entrancing notes with a voice of plaintive sweetness, that “took the prisoned soul and lapped it in Elysium.” She drew and painted in a style so exquisite, that her landscapes appeared as if genius had guided the pencil of fancy—her disposition was mild and generous, her sensibility acute, her imagination warm, and her perceptions accurate. There never existed a more striking contrast than was exhibited in the persons and characters of Adeline Llewellyn and Eliza Tudor; yet they were both open hearted, liberal minded, and amiable; and though Eliza had neither the talents nor perseverance of Adeline, yet she danced with animation, and sung many of the popular songs of her country with taste and spirit: and notwithstanding her accomplishments were

for the most part merely superficial, she frequently attracted more admiration than Adeline, whose timid and retiring character made her shrink from observation, and induced her to remain in the back ground; while her more vivacious friend commanded the attention of the beaux at the neighbouring assemblies, by the unrestrained playfulness of her manner, and her eternal *gaieté de cœur*.

CHAP. II.

—It was a moment big with peril,
But the bold deed gave to the fair one life,
And in return for what she term'd my valor,
She gave the matchless treasure of her heart."

A. J. K.

DOLEGELLY CASTLE stood delightfully elevated on a bold eminence, near the sea shore; on one side were hanging woods, through which the predecessors of Sir Owen Llewellyn had cut a road to the ancient and romantic town of Carnarvon. Situated at the distance of six miles behind it were mountains of stupendous height, and the other side presented rich meadows, and land in a state of the highest cultivation. The

winter had been long and severe : the mountains were covered with snow, and the woods exhibited a fantastic appearance, their leafless branches being decorated with frost-work, which the keenness of the air had condensed into a variety of forms. The weather had been for many days dark and gloomy, and the little party at the castle had in vain wished to see the yellow rays of the sun illumine the gothic windows of the library, near which Adeline sat finishing a moon-light view of a ruined watch-tower, that nodded in proud desolation on an adjacent mountain. While Eliza, with one arm hanging over the back of her chair, sat reading to herself a romance, suddenly she burst into a loud laugh, in which she indulged for some time ; at length composing her features, she turned to Adeline, and with affected gravity said, “ Pray, my dear, were you ever in love ? ” “ No,” said Adeline, smiling at the question, “ why do you ask ? ” “ Because,” replied Eliza, “ I

wish to know whether this description of the passion is true." "You shall hear." She then applied to the book, and read the following passage—

"When imperious love takes possession of the heart, all its gaiety departs; to nights of calm repose and dreams of happiness, succeed visions of terror and despair; the bosom, once the mansion of peace and tranquillity, is tortured with an agonizing train of doubts, fears, and jealousies—restless and dissatisfied, the mind busies itself with hopes that can never be realized, or in conjuring up misfortunes it may never encounter.—Time ever passes too swift or too slow. The meridian sun is dark and gloomy as the noon of night in the absence of the adored one." "No more, for heaven's sake," said Adeline; "shut the book, Eliza, the picture is absolutely terrific." "Nonsense," replied Eliza laughing, "the author of this book knew nothing of human nature.—Now do I most heartily wish, that fortune

would send some dear delightful, bewitching, handsome fellow, straying over our mountains ; I would assuredly fall in love, on purpose to convince you that the picture is too highly coloured, a mere daub, with which reality has nothing to do. Love, my dear, is a frolicsome urchin, dressed in smiles, and wreathed with roses ; you should see I would laugh all day, dance half the night, and sleep soundly the other half ; and if I had dreams, they should be sportive visions, in which that leaden headed fellow Morpheus should act as master of the ceremonies, and introduce whim and caprice to dance a reel with me.” “ Perhaps you may be mistaken,” said Adeline. “ Love may yet occasion you uneasy days and sleepless nights ; you may yet be fated to meet the man who may change all your smiles into tears.” “ Never,” said Eliza rising, and tossing the book upon the table : -- “ What ! sigh for a man ; dim these bright luminaries with tears ? no truly.

Believe me, my child, I am too fond of admiration, to spoil the beauty of my face with grief, and the dismals; besides, to let you into a trifling secret, I have already been about a dozen times in love; but in the very height of the fit I never ate an ounce less, or got up an hour later in the morning.”

“Surprising,” said Adeline laughing, “but pray who were the objects of your tender regard?”

“You shall hear,” resumed Eliza: “the first person who inspired me with the soft passion was Sir Hugh Meredith.”

“Sir Hugh Meredith!” said Adeline, pursuing her drawing, “why he is old enough to be your grandfather.”

“No matter for that,” replied Eliza, “he is asthmatical, and six months in the year he is confined with the gout: but he is immensely rich; mercy on me, his money would have enabled me to shine here and rattle there. I could have bought oceans of frippery and nick nacs, that I could have found no possible use for, and I could have

made myself the astonishment and admiration of all the natives here, not to say a word about the delight I would have had in treading on Sir Hugh's gouty toe, or in mistake taking hold of the hand bound up in flannel, and giving it a hearty shake, with a good night, or a good morning, Sir Hugh: but all my seductions would not do, though I smiled and simpered, shook up the sofa pillows for his gouty legs, poured out his madeira with my own fair hand, and played the "noble race of Shenkin" to him till my fingers were numbed, the silly obstinate old fellow denied me the pleasure of spending his money, and breaking his heart."

"What a mad creature!" said Adeline. "Then resumed Eliza," "I became desperately enamoured of Sir Watkin Ap Rice's elegant carriage and iron greys. Do you know Sir Watkin, Adeline?" "No," said Adeline, "I have not the honor." "If you did," rejoined Eliza, "you would not wonder at my infatu-

ation. You have read Don Quixotte. His visage exactly resembles the description of the knights of the woeful countenance; his person is remarkably tall and meagre, and when habited *en militaire* with his helmet on, he looks like a rush-light crowned with an extinguisher." Adeline laughed heartily.... "But mum," said Eliza, laying her fingers on her lips, "I hear Sir Owen, you shall have the conclusion another time.".... Sir Owen came to tell them that he had just received an invitation from the officers of the Scotch Greys quartered at Carnarvon, who, after a general review, proposed giving the ladies of the town and vicinity a ball. "Charming fellows," said Eliza, capering about the room", "I doat on a red coat."—"And you, Adeline; said Sir Owen, turning to his daughter. "I have no particular partiality for a red coat, sir," replied Adeline, "but I love dancing you know." "We shall accept the invitation then," said Sir Owen..... "Adeline, the effect

of the moonlight on that turret is very fine," observed Sir Owen, looking over her drawing. "You have been busily employed this morning. Eliza, my dear, have you nothing to shew me; what have you been doing?"—"Me, sir, me!—I have been doing——nothing at all, sir,"—"Well, really," said Sir Owen, "that is surprising. What, not engaged in mischief?" "I wish my brother Henry was here to go with us," said Adeline. "I shall feel so awkward at a ball without him; but when, sir, is it to take place?" "Next Wednesday," replied Sir Owen..... "Bless me," said Eliza, springing up, "next Wednesday! why, I shall never have any thing in readiness.—I have ten thousand orders for my milliner and mantua-maker..... Adeline, my dear, what will you wear?" "Really my dress has never yet entered my imagination; it will be quite time enough to [think of that to-morrow."—"For my part I shall think of nothing else," rejoined Eliza. "Well, ladies,"

said Sir Owen, " I suppose you will not make me one of the cabinet council in this important affair, so I shall leave you to settle it between yourselves, and take the opportunity of visiting Sir Griffith Tudor. Eliza, my dear, have you any commission to honor me with ?" " Only my affectionate duty, sir ; and you will be good enough to mention the ball." —Sir Owen rode off, and Eliza obliged Adeline to lay aside the drawing, and proceed with her to the dressing-room, where, having approved and again rejected various articles of ornament, she still remained undecided as to the dress in which she designed to take by storm the hearts of the officers at the ball. Adeline's patience was almost exhausted, when her maid appeared to say that Sir Owen was returned, and had brought with him two officers, who were to stay dinner. Away flew Eliza to her toilette, where having at length adorned her person to her satisfaction, she descended with Adeline to the library,

where Sir Owen shortly after presented to them Colonel Effingham and Captain Seymour; they were both handsome men, but Colonel Effingham had a serious air, a sort of thinking gravity, which did not exactly accord with the lively taste of Eliza, while Captain Seymour's gay manners, brilliant bon mots, and lively repartees, rivetted her attention and won her approbation: they were a pair that heaven seemed to have made on purpose for each other—all whim, frolic, and caprice; and before they parted in the evening she had promised him her hand for the two first sets at the ensuing balls.

Lady Tudor, the mother of Eliza, whose handsome though masculine person and florid complexion seemed an eternal contradiction to that ill health and delicacy of nerves she declared she possessed, affected a softness of manners and tenderness of disposition which often displayed itself in faintings and hysterics. Sir Griffith Tudor was a little man,

about four feet five inches high, with an intelligent countenance and sparkling black eyes : he was boisterous in his behavior, passionate in his temper, with the lungs of Stentor, which he exercised to the extreme discomposure of her ladyship's delicate nerves, and the terror and annoyance of the servants whenever an opposition to his sentiments, or a demur to his commands was offered. He loved nothing in nature but his hounds, his horses, and Eliza, whom he suffered to play all the mischievous tricks her sportive nature could invent unrestricted and uncontrouled ; he was very rich : she was his only child (three sons having died in their infancy) and being said to resemble him in person he never allowed her to be opposed or contradicted in any of her frolics. Happily for those about her, her heart was good, and if her wild disposition inflicted wounds, her feeling and generosity led her to make instant reparation : in this too she resembled her father, who though rash and

pertinacious when under the influence of passion, was in his temperate moments liberal and feeling towards those who came recommended by misfortune to his notice and his pity. For his lady's fanciful complaints he had no sort of compassion, and to tease and throw her into hysterics was one of his highest enjoyments.

On Wednesday morning Lady Tudor in her carriage, and Sir Griffith on horseback, arrived at Dolegelly Castle, where her ladyship expressed much displeasure at her daughter's refusing to accompany her. "No, please fate," said Eliza, "I will not be stoved up in a close carriage such a fine morning as this. Papa, I ride; what say you, Adeline?" "It certainly was my intention to go on horseback," replied Adeline; "but if Lady Tudor wishes it I will with much pleasure accompany her." "You have done finely for yourself now," whispered Eliza; "why mamma will have all the glasses up, and you will neither have

the pleasure of seeing nor being seen.”

“ Miss Llewellyn is all goodness,” said Lady Tudor, “ and if I thought it would not be repugnant to her wishes——”

“ Pshaw ! damn your fine speeches, Winifred,” said Sir Griffith interrupting her, “ you may take your oath the girl has no wish to be stuffed into your carriage and poisoned with hartshorn and volerian water. Plague confound it, do recollect that you was once young yourself.” “ I am very unwell this morning, Sir Griffith ; I had a very bad night.” “ Why the devil did not you stay in bed then, and make it out this morning ?” replied Sir Griffith.” “ I entreat, Sir Griffith——” “ And I beseech you, Lady Tudor,” said he raising his voice, “ to remember that Adeline Llewellyn has committed no crime for which she deserves the penance of listening to your doleful history of brain fevers, sleepless nights, palpitations of heart, spasmodic affections, and the devil himself knows what beside.” “ But, Sir Griffith, if

Miss Llewellyn desires——” “ Don’t provoke me, Lady Tudor ; you know I am by nature the most peaceable creature that can be, but I hate contradiction. Damnation ! I say it is unnatural to suppose that a young girl can prefer the company of an old woman, with a long rigmarole of weak nerves and dismal complaints to the conversation and admiration of a parcel of fine athletic young fellows.”

Adeline felt uneasy at this dispute, and to end it would gladly at once have slipped into her ladyship’s carriage, so much did she dread the violence of Sir Griffith’s temper, though at all times she preferred riding on horseback, and particularly at this time, when she expected so much pleasure in witnessing a variety of military manœuvres. Eliza, who was accustomed to these scenes of altercation, sat anxiously waiting for the moment when her father’s impatient temper should be sufficiently wound up to insist on Adeline mounting her horse—and to this

crisis it approached the next instant, when Lady Tudor, turning to Adeline, said she thought it was time for them to set off. He swore she might set off to the devil as soon as she liked, but that Adeline should by no means accompany her. Lady Tudor took out her smelling bottle. "Aye, aye, sniff away, my lady," said Sir Griffith, "sniff away—recover your spirits, for damn me if Miss Llewellyn goes with you." "Sir Griffith, you are——" "I know I am, my dear," said he, "I know I am determined to have my way for once." "For once, Sir Griffith!" "Yes, for once I am determined to carry my point, so you may have a fit as soon as you like, but I will be damned if I don't have my way. Your ladyship is not prepared for an hysteric I perceive; shall I have the honor to hand you to your carriage?" "I am not disposed to go yet, sir." "O, you are waiting for me!" said the incorrigible Sir Griffith. "I beg a thousand pardons for my inattention; your hand,

Lady Tudor." Her ladyship snatched away her hand, and sunk back in her chair. Adeline approached and said she would go with her ladyship. Eliza began to be ashamed of the scene, and said they would both go in the carriage. "I will be damned if you do though," said Sir Griffith, "and my horse too." He rung the bell violently, and on the appearance of the servant ordered Lady Tudor's carriage.

Sir Owen, who during the dispute had been absent, now entered the room, and perceiving from all their countenances that something was amiss, inquired what was the matter. "Only the old matter," sobbed Lady Tudor, "only the old matter, Sir Owen! my weak and gentle disposition is imposed upon, my poor spirits flurried, and my weak nerves shattered." "Come along, my tender, meek gentle dove—no grumbling. Remember, my sweet essence of asafœtida, that you took me for better, for worse! love, honor, and obey, you know. As for love,

whew ! (here he whistled) that flew God knows where, the Lord knows how long ago ; and as for honoring, F'al de ral tit ; (here he sang) but as for obeying, damn me, I'll make you do that." He then clapped her arm under his, and in less than two minutes, in spite of the united remonstrances of Sir Owen, Adeline, and Eliza, Sir Griffith whisked Lady Tudor into her carriage, and told her she was at liberty to have an hysteric as soon as she pleased.

Her ladyship, highly provoked and vexed, was too much out of temper to proceed to Carnavon : she ordered the carriage home, lamenting her evil destiny in having a husband who contradicted all her wishes, and a daughter who disobeyed all her commands. The rest of the party proceeded to the review on horseback. The ground allotted for the display of military science and skill was a large plain situated between two hills, upon which Carnarvon and its neighborhood had poured out its popu-

lace to witness a spectacle of unusual grandeur. On one side of the plain was a road leading to the town, and on the other a narrow winding path cut over rocks and precipices that led directly to the sea. Adeline and Eliza had received the compliments of all the officers introduced by Colonel Effingham and Captain Seymour, and had been pressed by them to enter a large tent on an eminence, which had been pitched for the accommodation of the ladies, and from whence they could command a view of the whole field: but this they declined, and preferred remaining on horseback. The soldiers went through their several evolutions to the entire satisfaction of their commanding officer, and the gratification of the spectators. A sham fight succeeded—the discharge of cannon, the beat of drums, and sound of trumpets, made a glorious confusion; but a standard taken in the heat of battle from the foe, waving too near the eyes of Eliza's horse, the animal suddenly took

fright, and, regardless of the rein, flew with the velocity of lightning along the narrow path among the rocks. The tide was full in, and every moment the distracted Sir Griffith expected to see his daughter plunged in the waves.

Captain Seymour from a distance beheld the confusion, and saw a horse flying with a lady over the dangerous precipice ; he instantly took a circuitous path, and at the very instant the terrified animal was in the act of plunging into the sea he turned an angle of the rock, and caught him by the bridle. Eliza had firmly kept her seat, though fear had deprived her of recollection, and she recovered to see herself supported in the arms of Adeline, while her father was loudly blessing and shaking Captain Seymour by the hand, swearing he was a damned brave fellow, and that he would give him the best horse in his stud. When Captain Seymour had set off with the idea of stopping the horse, he did not know that it was Miss Tudor

to whom he intended so essential a service ; and it was with additional pleasure that he had preserved the life of a person who had already made for herself no small interest in his heart.

Eliza soon recovered her spirits, and having expressed her gratitude in the warmest terms to Captain Seymour, with her accustomed gaiety assured him that the fright she had received would not prevent her fulfilling her engagement with him at night. Adeline felt really ill ; she had been greatly terrified, and it was with extreme difficulty she kept herself from fainting : she rejoiced when Sir Griffith proposed going home. “ You will not mount that animal again ? ” said she to Eliza. “ Most certainly,” replied Miss Tudor, springing on his back. “ Poor Rolla had no intention of breaking my neck or dashing me into the sea ; it would be hard to punish him for an accidental fault—besides I believe he has suffered even more than I have.” Sir Griffith called her a good girl—patted

the neck of the horse, said he was a fine fellow, but swore if ever he played such another prank he would blow his damned brains out. As they rode along, "It is well," said he, "that your mother was not present; we should have had rare work with her fits and vagaries—all the smelling bottles in Carnarvon would not have set her nerves to rights. Eliza, mind, mum's the word, or her ladyship will for ever upbraid me for having prevented your going in the carriage with her. Damn it, if she knew, she would crow over me finely: I should be absolutely stunned with a string of accidents, probable and improbable, that might have taken place, such as fractured skulls, broken arms, dislocated elbows, and the Lord knows what besides; and then her own brain fever, hysteric affections, spasmodic contractions, shattered nerves, and sleepless nights would be dinned in my ears to eternity; so damn it, Eliza, mind my girl, not a word."

At night, as gay as if nothing had

happened, Eliza appeared at the ball in a white sarsenet dress, covered with blue crape formed into draperies, with chains of small silver roses ; her hair was confined with a diamond crescent, and her arms and neck were encircled with the same costly ornaments. Adeline wore a silver net over a dress of white satin ; her beautiful hair was braided with wreaths of pearl, and strings of the same ornamented her arms and hung upon her ivory bosom. Among the many gentlemen who crowded round Eliza to congratulate her on her providential escape the Honorable Captain Maitland was most profuse in his compliments : “ ’Pon my reputation,” said he, “ if your horse had taken to the sea it would have been a very serious affair.” “ Very true,” said Eliza, “ for I should not only have spoiled my new habit but lost my life into the bargain.” “ Shocking !” replied the gallant captain, “ ’pon my reputation the beaux would have been *tout desespoir* ; and for me I could not have

survived the horrifying catastrophe ; I should have been so miserable that—— Ha ! Montrose, 'pon my reputation you smell worse than a civit cat—never use any thing but *esprit de rose* myself ; your lavender is too much for my faculties.” He bowed to the ladies, and passed on to another group. Montrose requested the honor of Adeline’s hand, but she was already engaged to Colonel Effingham, who that instant led her out. Eliza and her gay partner footed it away merrily, and were so pleased and entertained with each other that they mutually regretted when the customary etiquette obliged them to change partners ; they however settled to dance together again when the next change took place. Colonel Effingham was a young man of great good sense and excellent education. The modesty and gentleness of Adeline had even more captivation for him than her beautiful person ; and while he touched her soft hand, and led her through the mazes of the dance, he wished that it was pos-

sible to interest her heart in his favor. He admired the vivacity of Eliza; he was charmed while his eye followed her sportive steps and saw her animated gestures; but when he turned to Adeline he beheld in her a graceful modesty, a retiring sweetness, a blushing loveliness, that while it commanded respect inspired love.

Adeline lamented to Eliza the absence of Henry, while Eliza laughingly asked if Colonel Effingham did not make love to her satisfaction as she wished for a substitute. At a moment when they were taking refreshments the Honorable Captain Maitland again joined them, and asked Adeline if she did not feel fatigued: on her answering in the negative he expressed great surprise. " 'Pon my reputation," said he, " it is marvellous to me how people can undergo the fatigue of dancing." " A Scotchman," replied Eliza, " and consider dancing a fatigue! why I always understood that they were as proverbial for their love of

that amusement as the natives of our country." "Shocking, 'pon my reputation," replied the Honorable Captain Maitland. "Only consider how it heats the blood ; much of so violent an exercise is enough to throw a person of robust constitution into a fever. I never dance ;" continued he yawning, " it is far too fatiguing." " O fie !" replied Eliza, " a soldier and talk of fatigue ! suppose the duties of your profession were to call you into action, sure the fatigue of dancing would be nothing compared to long marches and harrassing campaigns !" " The child would fall sick," said old Major Fergus, " and so escape both the fatigue and the danger !" " And the glory too," replied Adeline. " On my soul," continued Major Fergus, " I dinne ken what the deil such Jemmy finical fellows do in the army, unless it is to entitle them to wear a red coat, which I have often heard is very attractive with the ladies ; it would have been a far better present if

the noble lord your uncle had presented you with a rod instead of a commission." The Honorable Captain Maitland affected to laugh, and in reply said, "'Pon my reputation, major, you are too severe." "The deel of any reputation will you ever have but that of being the greatest coxcomb between this and the Hebrides," said the major; "and if your head is not strong enough to bear the roar of cannon, and you are too indolent to dance, you have no business to disgrace the coat of a soldier, or stand in the way like a post in a ball-room." "Give me the man," said Eliza, "who will caper all night for his amusement, and fight all day for glory and his country; such a character can never fail of being a favorite with the ladies." The Honorable Captain Maitland affected not to hear these speeches, but turned to Adeline, and wished her much amusement in the cotillion set she was preparing to join with Captain Seymour, who had requested her hand when he

had resigned Eliza's, and sauntered away to another part of the room where a group of ladies were complaining of the scarcity of gentlemen : to several of these he addressed himself, and declared upon his reputation he was extremely concerned to see them without partners, wished for their sakes that he was able to divide himself, but that not being in the chapter of possibilities he would not dance at all, being fearful of giving offence to the rest should he select any one in particular—that he adored them all, and *enverité* he wished to continue in all their good graces. He then displayed his cambric handkerchief, declared 'pon his reputation the room was enough to suffocate him, made a sliding bow, and passed on.

Lady Tudor, notwithstanding her illness and disappointment in the morning, had recovered sufficient temper and spirits to be at the ball at night : she perfectly agreed with the Honorable Captain Maitland in the idea of dancing

being too robust an exercise for persons of delicate nerves. Cards had been prepared in an adjoining apartment, and her ladyship was on the point of winning the third rubber at whist, when a lady observed that Miss Tudor looked uncommonly well after her morning's accident. In vain Sir Griffith coughed and winked; the person without observing him had answered all her ladyship's inquiries, who having heard the recital of her daughter's danger gave a loud shriek, and fell back in her chair in strong hysterics. In a moment all was confusion—the card table was thrown down, a candle fell into Lady Tudor's lap, and set fire to the end of a long veil that hung over her shoulder: Sir Griffith snatched a large goblet of water from the hand of a gentleman and threw it souse into her ladyship's face. The fire was extinguished, but before she could recover from the shock this sudden action occasioned, while she was gasping for breath he caught up an old lady's snuff box, and

taking a large pinch between his fingers, crammed it up her ladyship's nostrils, saying, " Sniff, my lady, no hartshorn to be had." This was too much to bear: Lady Tudor, forgetting that she was in fits, started in agony from her chair, sneezing violently, her eyes streaming from the effect of the snuff which lay in a large dab on her cheek, and her garments drenched with the water Sir Griffith had thrown upon her. " Inhuman, barbarous wretch !" shrieked the gasping Lady Tudor. " Sniff, sniff away, my lady," said Sir Griffith pursuing her round the room; " the snuff I see is more effective than hartshorn or burnt feathers." " Barbarian ! you have almost drowned me ; I shall catch my death of cold." " Well, well, my lady, you must impute it all to my excessive affection ; there was you kicking in fits, and your head all in a blaze—on water, out fire, you know. Here do, my dear, take a little more snuff : it is a grand restorative, better by half than Solomon's

Balsam of Gilead. Take another sniff, my lady," said Sir Griffith offering her the box; "it will wonderfully relieve your nerves."

Her ladyship pushed his hand from her face; the box fell to the ground, but the snuff flew up in a cloud, and almost blinded him. Smarting with agony he stamped and swore like a madman; her ladyship forgot her own sufferings and joined the general laugh at the grotesque figure of Sir Griffith, who was jumping about the room like a parched pea. It was long before the tumult subsided, when Lady Tudor ordering her carriage; protested it should be the last time that ever she would subject herself to such outrageous treatment by coming into public company with a man who paid no regard to the delicacy of her feelings, or the weakness of her nerves. "Damn your delicate feelings; damn your weak nerves," vociferated Sir Griffith. "I wish with all my soul you were performing an hysteric at the bottom of the sea:

may I be poisoned with asafoetida, and suffocated with burnt feathers, if ever I come abroad with you again.' A gentleman handed Lady Tudor to her carriage. Sir Griffith hastily stooped down, and grappling up the snuff that had fallen on the floor, flew after her ladyship, who was just seated in her carriage; he threw the snuff into her face, and desired her to sniff away, for as she had found so much benefit from it already, it would surely keep her from hysterics on the road home.

The news of this rupture did not reach the ball-room till after the departure of Lady Tudor. At a late, or rather early hour, the company broke up: before they parted Captain Seymour had prevailed on Eliza to allow him to visit her in the character of a lover. Colonel Effingham had also resolved to address Adeline, but her very retiring behavior had prevented his entering on so particular a subject, though his attentions had been sufficiently marked to convince

Eliza that the colonel was deeply smitten; though the unconscious Adeline had not vanity enough to suppose that she had made the slightest impression on his heart.

CHAPTER III.

Ah, fear ! ah, frantic fear !
I see, I see thee near ;
And lest thou meet my blasted view,
Hold each strange tale devoutly true.

Collins.

“ Go to the war, my hero. I will not tarnish
The lustre of thy laurels with a tear.”

SIR OWEN LLWELLYN doated on his daughter, but it was not a blind or a partial fondness that resulted from her being his only child, and the heiress of his fortune—it was an affection that had for its basis the knowledge that her mind abounded with all the amiable virtues and estimable qualities that adorn human nature—and while he gazed with tears of tenderness upon her beautiful

exterior, his heart exulted in the proud conviction that her person was only the lovely casket that contained a still more exquisitely lovely mind. When Colonel Effingham modestly expressed his hopes and wishes respecting Adeline to her father, the worthy baronet at once referred him to herself, saying “ That she had the firmest reliance on her prudence, and should entirely leave it to herself, to determine a matter of such importance as that on which the happiness of her future life must depend.” “ Adeline acknowledged herself flattered, and obliged by Colonel Effingham’s preference, but declined accepting his addresses, at the same time assuring her father that her heart owned no sort of predilection for any man in existence, himself and her brother Henry excepted, and it was the darling wish of her heart to pass the remainder of her days with him in a single state. Sir Owen smiled as he kissed the glowing cheek of his daughter, and mentally exclaimed,—

“ Sweet innocent! thy time is not yet arrived.”——To Colonel Effingham he politely expressed the pleasure he should have experienced in the hope of calling him his son, and though Adeline had declared herself averse to accepting him as a lover, he should be proud at all times to receive him as a friend. Colonel Effingham’s heart acknowledged the candor of Adeline’s behavior; he admired in her that superiority of mind which was above encouraging attentions she could not approve; and he sighed with deep and sincere regret to think that he had been unable to interest her in his favor, the only woman he had ever felt a real passion for. Eliza in her lively way had affected to condole with Colonel Effingham on his rejection. After having mimicked his dejected air and pensive looks, she bade him cheer up, and cast away despair, for if Adeline at all resembled her, she could not possibly be sure of her own mind for a day together: and that it was not only

possible, but highly probable, that what she disliked to-night she might warmly approve in the morning. "And now," continued Eliza laughing, "I have a most lucky thought---only bribe me handsomely, and I promise to let no opportunity slip of abusing you to my friend." "Of abusing me!" said the astonished colonel. "Most certainly," replied Eliza, "I will represent you as a wild, profligate, inconstant rake; accuse you of ten thousand faults that you never committed, and most likely never thought of. Believe me, my doleful colonel, this is the only method to make her mind give you credit for virtues, and perfections you never possessed: women generally act by the rule of contrary; if you can prevail on Sir Owen to join in the plot, and forbid his daughter to encourage your addresses, my life upon it her own inclination, aided by my persuasions, will make her downright in love with you in a month." Colonel Effingham incredulously shook his head; he was con-

vinced that Adeline's mind was differently organized to that of her lively friend, and having once refused his love, she would at no future period accede to it—all that remained for him was the hope that time, and the duties of his profession, might weaken his attachment, and restore him again to ease and happy indifference.

Eliza rallied Adeline unmercifully on her rejection of the colonel, told her that whether she had approved him or not, she was silly not to retain him in her suit—“There is no pleasure equal to having a string of adoring swains,” said Eliza, “to see them seriously and earnestly contending for the immense honor of picking up your glove, or handing you to your carriage: besides the exquisite pleasure of making them jealous, setting them together by the ears, and standing the chance of having a duel fought on your account.”

“You and I, my dear Eliza, think very differently on these matters,” re-

plied Adeline, “ I should never pardon myself were I for a moment to encourage hopes I never intended to realize; and surely there cannot be a greater cruelty than that of keeping a mind in suspense, when you have it in your power to restore it to comparative ease, by placing it in a state of certainty. And as to the duel, I would not endanger the lives of my fellow creatures for the universe..... No, Heaven forbid !”

Eliza laughed heartily, “ I believe in my conscience,” said she, “ you intend to die an old maid, and be canonized for saint; however, allow me, as you seem to be quite a novice in the ways of men, to set your innocence right in a small matter or two, which you appear to place in a wrong point of view. Be assured, my dear, men make love as much for the gratification of vanity as any other motive; very few of them have sensibility enough to be happy or miserable, whether they are received or rejected, further than as it affects their

pride, their self-consequence, or their interest.....And if they fight duels, it is more for the sake of notoriety and the fame of bravery than any acute feelings of love or jealousy." Adeline blushed, "Nay, my dear Adeline," resumed Eliza, observing her heightened color, "do not imagine that I think Colonel Effingham is in love with you." "If he is not, he must be the greatest hypocrite in nature, and can indeed have neither eyes, ears, heart, nor understanding." "Now, I actually believe, that he is really, truly, and veritably suffering the malady of disappointed hope.—But I have made man my chief study, and I find the generality of them of dispositions similar to his own: my vanity is pleased when I am admired; I delight in being courted, followed and flattered: but as to love, *pardonnai moi*, that is *une autre chose*." Captain Seymour almost lived at Tudor Hall; he was Sir Griffith's inseparable companion; he hunted, sung, and played at cribbage with him, and

was in fact so great a favorite, that there did not appear a bar in the way of his union with Eliza, by whom he had been received as a favored lover. Lady Tudor, indeed, favored the wishes of the honorable Captain Maitland, whose delicate sentiments, and soft gentle manners, exactly accorded with her ladyship's notion of elegance and refinement. She entirely disapproved of the noisy romping mirth of Captain Seymour, and felt chagrined and angry when Sir Griffith ridiculed the soft white lusty-like hands and rose-scented cambric handkerchiefs of the honorable Captain Maitland. Eliza flirted, laughed at, and despised him, but this his vanity would by no means allow him to see. He knew his pretensions were favored by Lady Tudor, and as he was the presumptive heir to a title, he flattered himself with the hope of gaining Miss Tudor, whose large fortune appeared vastly convenient to redeem some pretty deep mortgages, with which the extrava-

gances of noble relatives had encumbered the estates annexed to the title; but of becoming his wife Eliza had not entertained the remotest idea: her heart was really Seymour's, though she would have made no scruple to encourage the adoration of a score of admirers. Sir Griffith Tudor had a very handsome dairy-maid, on whom the honorable Captain Maitland in his walks about the grounds had cast his eyes, and whose virtue he had assailed with all the united artillery of vows, promises, and flattery. Gwinthlean had for a long time resisted his overtures, and endeavoured to avoid him; but at length her virtue began to give way, and she made an appointment to meet him at a barn, within sight of Tudor Hall. The hour was nine, and a clear full moon lighted the amorous captain to the place of assignation. He waited more than half an hour, and the keenness of the air had not a little contributed to cool his passion, when Gwinthlean came running towards him—he complained of

the cold, and having waited so long, protested 'pon his reputation that he should have a sore throat, which he began defending with his cambric handkerchief. Gwinthlean said, "Got pless hur, hur cout not come before, and was afrait to come at all, for the peoples sait that the tefil haunted the parn." The captain, to whom the sight of Gwinthlean had given warmth and spirits, used many arguments to quiet her apprehensions, and win her to his purpose; Gwinthlean resisted, and declared, "she was afrait to consent for fear he would not keep his promise of making her a fine laty." The honorable captain swore 'pon his reputation that he would do much more for her than she wished, or he had promised; he threw his arms about her. Gwinthlean avoided his embrace—"But my mother," said she, "always tells me if I don't take care of my virtue the tefil will fly away with me; and only think," said she, shuddering, "if I was to see him, with eyes like saucers, and horns like

pitchforks—" "'Pon my word," said the captain, "you are enough to horrify one; come, come, we lose time that might be employed much better: let us go into the barn. I shall go to Canarvon in the morning, I have something particular to say to you," Gwinthlean reluctantly suffered him to draw her into the barn, after much rustling; at the very moment the captain supposed himself on the verge of accomplishing his wishes, she burst from his arms with a loud shriek, and flew out of the barn. The honorable Captain Maitland, astonished at this action, would have flown after her: but between him and the door stood a huge terrific black figure, with cloven feet, fiery eyes, and tremendous horns, which seized him in its strong gripe, pinioned his hands behind him with an iron chain, threw him on his face, fastened his legs together in the same way, then swinging him across his shoulders, flew with him to the stables behind Tudor Hall, and stuck him up to

his neck in a dunghill. He had not remained in this lamentable situation long, before Sir Griffith Tudor and Captain Seymour, who had been to fetch Eliza from Dolegelly Castle, rode past. The groans of the poor wretch, who had struggled to extricate himself till he was nearly exhausted, and almost suffocated with filth, attracted their attention: they turned back, and inquiring who was there, discovered the deplorable situation of the Honorable Captain Maitland, whose head alone was visible on the top of the dunghill. Sir Griffith laughed immoderately—"What, my noble captain," said he, "sunk in a morass? all owing to the war, hey!—why damn it you have got a soft bed! But what the devil stuck you up to your chin in that filthy hole?" "Hush, hush," said Maitland, rolling his eyes wildly, his teeth chattering in his head; "it was the devil himself in proper person that fixed me here; but for the love of heaven help me out."

Eliza, scarcely able to sit her horse for laughing, rode to the house to summon assistance; the servants dragged him through the dunghill while Sir Griffith and Seymour stood convulsed with laughter. His new regimentals, in which he fancied himself irresistible, and in which he had hoped to triumph over the simplicity of Gwinthlean, were completely spoilt, and the disappointed captain exhibited a most deplorable spectacle of mud and terror.

They led him to the servants' hall, where he was stripped and cleaned: after having been washed and scrubbed, Sir Griffith begged to know by what accident he came in the situation in which they found him? The captain looked wildly, and protested seriously that the devil had caught him up and flew a long way with him in the air, and then stuck him in the dunghill. The servants whom this strange occurrence had gathered together, and who stood with their mouths wide open gaping to catch

the marvellous story, actually believed that Satan had paid him a visit, and they expected that Sir Griffith's turn would come next, who laughed at and ridiculed the fear-stricken wretch so unmercifully. "But come," said Sir Griffith, "you don't tell us the particulars of this strange affair—what was you at? where were you when the devil clapt his claw upon you?"

The Honorable Capain Maitland was silent. Seymour repeated the question, "Where were you?" he groaned out, "At the *red barn*." "Why damn it," said Sir Griffith, "all my servants say the devil has appeared in that barn ever since poor Hugh Jones hung himself there. Pooh, damn it, I need not ask what you were at—you had got a girl there I will lay my life—you plead guilty, do you? What, and so his infernal majesty spoiled sport, did he?" The Honorable Captain Maitland begged to be spared any farther question, declaring, 'pon his reputation that he should never get over the

shock he had sustained, and that his nerves were so shattered that they would never recover their proper tone. Sir Griffith sent to Lady Tudor's dressing-room for cordials and essences to sweeten the captain, who vowed that the smell of horse-dung and brimstone quite overcame him. When the restoratives arrived he took a little of Lady Tudor's cordial, and requested some rose-water to bathe his hands and face." Sir Griffith officiously offered his assistance, slyly exchanged the bottle, and the unfortunate disappointed captain had his hair, hands, and face sluced with asafœtida, which, added to his former uneasy sensations, threw him into such agonies that he actually fainted away. In this state Sir Griffith would have had him carried under the pump, swearing that there was nothing equal to cold water for removing its smell, and restoring animation, except snuff, with which unfortunately he was unprovided.

Lady Tudor, who to her other weak-

nesses added superstition in a most superlative degree, swallowed the marvellous story of the Honorable Captain Maitland's being flown away with by the devil and stuck up to his neck in the dunghill with the greatest avidity, and was expressing her wonder to Eliza how the captain came to go to the red barn at that time of night, when Sir Griffith burst into the room and addressed his daughter with—"Here's a pretty damned scoundrel of an honorable captain; comes to my house with the pretence of making love to you, Eliza, and all the while is unlawfully poaching after the maids—that's his delicacy and propriety and be damned to him; but I think he has got a surfeit for some time of curds and whey and butter milk." "What do you mean, Sir Griffith?" inquired Lady Tudor; "what do you mean?" "Why I mean that your favorite milk-sop, your man of delicacy and refinement, that walking bottle of essence, that compound of frippery, foppery, and foolery,

the Honorable Captain Maitland, has been dishonorable enough to try to seduce my dairy-maid Gwinny." Lady Tudor drew herself up, and protested she could not credit it. "'Then you may do the other thing and be damned,'" replied Sir Griffith, "but it's nevertheless true whether you believe it or not; and if I did not think he has already suffered sufficient punishment from fright, I would make the damned rascal hop over my horsewhip all the way to his quarters." "But did he really see the devil, Sir Griffith?" asked my lady. "Aye, did he, and feel him too," rejoined Sir Griffith; "his new regimentals are burnt in twenty places by the fire from his nostrils, and his shoulders and sides bear testimony of the iron gripe of the fiend—has your ladyship any thing proper to apply to his bruises?"

Lady Tudor turned up her eyes and prayed that herself and family might be defended from such a dreadful visitant, while Eliza laughed at the representa-

tions her father made of the poor captain's lamentable situation, who had insisted that two men should watch by his bedside all night, for fear of the devil paying him another visit. The Honorable Captain Maitland was several days before he was sufficiently recovered to quit his room, during which time he had been visited and unmercifully ridiculed by his brother officers, who had at length brought him to entertain some doubts whether it was really the devil in proper person who had handled him so roughly, or some sweetheart of Gwinthlean's, who had, instigated by her, thought proper to punish him for his licentious designs. Ashamed and mortified he was about to quit Tudor Hall, when Eliza and Sir Griffith insisted that he should stay and assist at a wedding that was to take place the next morning. With much reluctance he passed the day amidst the reproofs and advice of Lady Tudor, who felt greatly scandalized that at the very moment he had engaged her good offices,

and obtained her promise of befriending his suit with Miss Tudor, that he should have been led astray from decorum by a blowze of a dairy-maid. Sir Griffith swore he deserved picketing, and Eliza and Seymour laughed and rallied. The morning was fine; Sir Griffith, Eliza, and Adeline, who had arrived for the occasion, with Captain Seymour and Maitland, set off for the village church, where Captain Maitland was told he was to officiate as father, and Eliza and Miss Llewellyn as bridemaids. The bride contrived to conceal her face until the ceremony had begun, and he felt no small share of vexation and confusion when he discovered he was to give away the rosy Gwinthlean to a tall athletic fellow whom he had no doubt was the person who had performed the part of the devil at the red barn.

When the ceremony was over Sir Griffith set the example of saluting the bride; the Honorable Captain Maitland hung back, but the bridegroom advanc-

ing, said, " Captain, you may have a kiss *now* and welcome ; but take care how you offer to make a fine lady of my wife, or persuade her to meet you again at the red barn for fear I should be there and play the devil ; for if I am compelled to wear horns, depend upon it worse will follow than sticking you up to your neck in a dunghill." The company laughed, and the Honorable Captain Maitland looked even more silly than ever ; he took courage however to assure Hoel Watkin that his wife's chastity might rest in perfect security from any future attempts of his : but he begged him to allow her to accept five guineas, which he presented as a reward for her having resisted his temptations. " There was no temptation in the case, look you," said Gwinthlean, " for I had no regard for you at all, and I love my own dear Hoel in my heart, and so I told him all about the fine offers you had made ; and poor Hoel, look you, was quite jealous, and said if I wished to convince

him that I did not care about you, that I must promise to meet you at the red barn; and that he would wrap himself up in the hide of an ox, and cure you of trying to ruin innocent country girls: indeed when I saw him I thought it was the tefil, and I ran home as fast as I could."

After this explanation the poor crest-fallen captain affected to cough—he shook the bridegroom by the hand, kissed the bride, and wished them joy, though he secretly felt much chagrin to think his person had been despised and maltreated for the sake of a vulgar bumpkin, and he pitied the depraved taste of the girl who had preferred a gigantic corn thresher to a man of his elegance and graces. He was however necessitated to smother his mortification, and what was still worse, to leave Tudor Hall without the smallest hope of making an impression on the heart of Eliza, whom he evidently discovered gave a preference to Captain Seymour;—for

though she had listened to his professions of tender regard, she had on all occasions exercised her lively temper upon him, and made his conversation, his dress, and manners constant subjects of ridicule; yet still his vanity induced him to believe that he should, aided by Lady Tudor, who encouraged his hopes, carry his prize: but since his adventure at the Red Barn, and his designs upon Gwinthlean had become public, Sir Griffith had treated him with such pointed rudeness, and Lady Tudor with such haughty reserve, that he entirely relinquished the expectation of liquidating his family debts, through the means of an alliance with Miss Tudor.

The unfortunate story of the devil and the dunghill pursued him to the parade and the mess-room, till at last the Honorable Captain Maitland found it necessary, for the preservation of his reputation, to exchange into another regiment, the officers of the Scotch Greys holding him in such contempt that they avoided

as far as possible having any acquaintance or communication with him. Captain Seymour was not exactly to the taste of Lady Tudor, but Sir Griffith happening to approve him, her opinion was not considered of much consequence. Eliza frequently declared there was no pleasure in a love affair without opposition, and wished that her father and Seymour would fall out, that he might be forbade the house, and herself confined to her chamber; "Then," said she, "we should have glorious confusion; Sir Griffith would storm, swear, and threaten—Lady Tudor would preach duty and obedience, and I should laugh at them both. Seymour would lament, entreat, and propose an elopement—I should talk of prudence and discretion, and at last consent. The plan would be this: twelve o'clock, the night dark as the grove—a rope ladder to descend from my window into the arms of my lover—a chaise and four foaming horses—the north road—off we drive." "Eliza, Eliza," said Adeline, "my dear

girl, you are certainly mad." "That is your mistake, child," replied she. "Sir Griffith indeed would be stark mad when he discovered what a trick I had played him." "And would you really elope, Eliza, if any thing was to happen to effect a change in your father's sentiments with respect to Captain Seymour?" "As sure as I live," replied she; "and indeed, Adeline, to be married with papa and mamma's consent is but a humdrum sort of a business; no, no, a run-a-way match for me—a jump from a two pair of stairs window, and a journey to Gretna Green—off we go, helter skelter. Would not you accompany me in my expedition, Adeline?" "No," replied Miss Llewellyn, "because my conscience would not allow me to encourage an act of disobedience. I know, my dear Eliza, you do not mean what you say; I am sure you would not marry in opposition to the wishes of Sir Griffith and Lady Tudor." "Ah! Adeline," rejoined Eliza, "you judge me by your-

self; you I know would pine yourself into a consumption rather than disobey your father, but I shall never arrive at your perfection. I love my father too, but he has encouraged me from my earliest recollection to contradict even him; and I fear in so essential a point as matrimony I should be wicked enough to feel a double satisfaction in acting contrary to his commands."

Sir Griffith had many times expressed a wish that Seymour would quit the army, but these hints he had affected not to understand, as added to his predilection for the service he felt it would be dishonorable to resign his commission at a moment when his country was engaged in war, and it was expected that the regiment he belonged to would be ordered abroad. He had obtained the consent of Sir Griffith to his hopes, and Eliza had confirmed them, when suddenly, as he had foreseen, the Scotch Greys were commanded to embark for Holland. It was now Sir Griffith spoke his wishes in plain

terms, and proposed to Seymour his quitting the army at once. "No, sir," replied the spirited young man, "it is impossible: I should for ever brand my character with infamy. I am sorry to refuse a request which I am persuaded proceeds from your regard for me; my country wants my service—I will not, like a coward, desert her. I cannot, will not disgrace the name of Seymour; I will either live without reproach, or die with honor."

Eliza's bright eyes glistened; she held out her hand to him with a smile of approbation; he pressed it to his lips. "You may as well spare your kisses," said Sir Griffith, "for if you go to Holland, you shall never be my son-in-law." "And if he does not," replied Eliza, "he shall never be my husband. What, sir, do you suppose that I would unite my destiny with a paltroon who struts about in a red coat while security is the word, and meanly pulls it off at the approach of danger. No, sir, I love his

honor, and will never wish to tarnish it. Go, my dear Seymour ; meet the foes of your country—the prayers of your Eliza shall follow you to the battle !” “ If he does,” roared Sir Griffith, “ I’ll be damned if ever you are his, Eliza.” “ Then,” replied she, “ I will never be any other man’s.” “ Go to your chamber, madam,” said Sir Griffith ; “ I admire your heroics, but I will be damned if I don’t find a way to lower you a peg or two yet. If I don’t watch you I suppose you will be for disguising yourself and fighting by his side—you ‘ for love, and he for glory.’ ”

Seymour would have reasoned and expostulated, but in vain ; the storm was up. Sir Griffith would hear nothing, but swore that he should that moment decide either to quit the army, or renounce his daughter ; for whom he added he could have no violent affection, or he would not hesitate which way to determine. Seymour ardently loved Eliza, but his reputation, his honor was at stake ;

before he could reply she advanced to him, and said, "If you are despicable enough to resign your commission we never meet again: no force shall compel me to unite myself to a man at whose dastardly principles the finger of scorn must continually point. Go in the firm assurance of my faith—I have given you my firm promise to be your's, and I will fulfil it should it please heaven to return you to me safe, or I will never marry at all." "Then I will be damn'd if you don't die an old maid," vociferated Sir Griffith: "and now, madam, after having so nobly put your father to defiance, you may depart; but for you, sir," turning to the distressed Seymour, "the sooner you quit Tudor Hall the better. Go, you obstinate slut, leave the room this instant; I shall take good care you lay no plans for corresponding. Troop to your chamber this moment; you little, damned, perverse——"

Eliza threw herself into Seymour's arms, and in spite of the ravings and

oaths of her father, again encouraged him in his duty, and renewed her vow of constancy. Sir Griffith never gave up a point; once set upon a thing opposition only provoked him to madness without altering his determination: and deaf to the entreaties, reasonings, and arguments of Seymour, he saw him depart, wishing that his courage might get cooled, and swearing that he would sooner give his daughter to a coal-heaver, than suffer her to marry a puppy who preferred the "bubble reputation," and sought it "even in the cannon's mouth," to the more solid enjoyments of ease and his friendship.

CHAPTER IV.



I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other side.

Shakespear.

Ah! what's more dangerous than this fond af-
fiance?

Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd;
For he's dispos'd as the hateful raven,
Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit.

Ibid.



HENRY MORTIMER, now in his twen-
tieth year, joined to a most graceful
person a mind rich in intellectual endow-
ment, and an understanding which edu-
cation had improved to the highest degree
of excellence. At college he had con-
tracted a strict friendship with the Ho-

norable Horatio Dellamere, by whom he was invited to spend their next vacation at the seat of his father, Lord Narbeth, in Devonshire. Sir Owen Llewellyn knew that Lord Dungarvon and Lord Narbeth were upon visiting terms, and he secretly indulged the hope that chance might introduce his grandson to his notice. At a moment when his passions, calm and unprejudiced, would suffer nature to assert her rights; and that he would bestow on the son of the unfortunate Augustus Mortimer that affection he had so cruelly denied his ill-fated parent.

It happened, at the time of Henry's visit at Narbeth Lodge, that the dowager Dutchess of Inglesfield was at Mortimer Abbey, and in her rides about the country with Lady Dungarvon had frequently met the young friends, Dellamere and Mortimer. The person of Henry had attracted the fancy of the dutchess, now in her fiftieth year, who to a set of uncommonly long and sharp features add-

ed a tall meagre figure, extremely crooked and ill shaped. However, though her person held out no temptations, her high rank, great interest, and large possessions had procured her two husbands, who having been removed to their ancestors, she felt inclined to venture a third time into the blissful state of matrimony, so much was she fascinated with the personal graces of Henry Mortimer. Lord Dungarvon had been apprized of his grandson's visit at Narbeth Lodge, and had studiously avoided, both in his walks and rides, all places where he thought it probable he might encounter him: and with this disposition of mind he had not failed to acquaint Lord Narbeth, who kindly forbore to inform Henry of the rancour that still pervaded the heart of his unrelenting relation: but when Lord Dungarvon heard the extravagant praises of the Dutchess of Inglesfield, who affirmed that Henry was the most finished workmanship of heaven, the most charming creature she had ever

seen, his mind instantly underwent a revolution; his ambition was again awakened—he began to conceive the project of bringing about a marriage between them; of wiping away the blot the father had cast upon the family escutcheon, by the aggrandisement of the son.

Miss Lonsdale, the niece of Lord Narbeth, a lively young woman, whose person, tolerably good, and exquisitely fine voice attracted much of Henry's attention, seemed in Lord Dungarvon's eyes a terrible bar in the way of his scheme. He considered her as a grand impediment to his wishes, though he hoped that the knowledge Henry must certainly have of the misfortunes and distresses his father had brought upon himself by an imprudent marriage, would deter him from forming an engagement with Miss Lonsdale, entirely dependent on her uncle, himself not rich. Henry's heart as yet was perfectly free from the "witcheries of love;" if he felt a preference for any of the lovely sex, it was

for his sister Adeline Llewellyn, who, when his mind drew a comparison, constantly bore away the palm from all her fair competitors.

Lord Narbeth was surprised one evening by a note from Mortimer Abbey, in which Lord Dungarvon invited himself and family to spend the next day at Narbeth Lodge, for the sole purpose of meeting and receiving to his warm affection his grandson. Lord Narbeth felt suspicious of his neighbour's motives, when he reflected how very short a time had elapsed since Lord Dungarvon had declared he would as soon encounter a rattle snake as the son of Louisa Berresford. Still he was inclined to hope that Henry's virtues, joined to his elegant person and captivating manners, would ultimately secure him the affection of his grandfather; and he felt it the duty of humanity to assist to bring about so desirable an event.

Henry had been prepared by Lord Narbeth and his friend Horatio to meet

Lord Dungarvon, for whose person and character he entertained no very high veneration, when he remembered the sufferings of his mother, whom Sir Owen Llewellyn had often described to him as the most lovely and amiable of women : and when the banishment and fate of his father rose upon his mind, his heart swelled with indignation, and he felt it would be impossible for him ever to love or respect the being whose cruelty had sunk both his parents to a premature grave.

At the appointed hour Lord and Lady Dungarvon, accompanied by the Dutchess of Inglesfield, drawn forth in all the gay adornments of youth, arrived at Narbeth Lodge. Lord Dungarvon changed color when Lord Narbeth presented Henry Augustus Mortimer ; he thought of past events, and felt a pang of remorse—it was but momentary, for pride, ambition, and avarice, had steeled his heart against nature and feeling. Lady Dungarvon could not stifle the mother—she beheld

in Henry her son, the buried Augustus Mortimer, and she sunk nearly fainting into the arms of Lady Narbeth : “ You perceive, sir,” said Lord Dungarvon, addressing himself to Henry, “ how much the recollection of past disagreeable circumstances, and the painful memory of your father’s disobedience, affects Lady Dungarvon ; may we in you, whom we are inclined to receive with parental affection, meet a recompense for all the disappointments and mortifications his imprudence inflicted.”

Henry’s cheek glowed, and his bosom swelled with indignant sensations, but he suppressed them, and only answered the unfeeling and haughty Lord Dungarvon with a bow, which his self-importance construed into acquiescence and submission. He was now introduced by his grandfather to the Dutchess of Inglesfield, who played off a thousand girlish airs and youthful graces, to the infinite diversion of Miss Lonsdale and Horatio Dellamere, and the absolute disgust of

Henry, whom they were designed to captivate. He had, to his extreme chagrin, been placed next to her at dinner, and during the whole day was unavoidably constrained to remain by her side. Miss Lonsdale sang and played with peculiar taste and elegance: Horatio Dellamere was an adept in music, and Henry performed on the flute with grace and expression. He heard the proposal for retiring to the music-room with pleasure, as he expected to find there a cessation of the unceasing volubility of the Dutchess, whose affected sprightliness and nonsensical conversation had become wearying and troublesome, and who had so entirely engrossed his attentions that he had been scarcely able to exchange a single syllable with any other person. The Dutchess declared music was her darling passion; she beat time, and made so many remarks on modulation and harmony, that Miss Lonsdale evidently discovered she wished to be asked to display her musical abilities. Having concluded

a song, she rose from the instrument and entreated the Dutchess to take her seat, who, after many excuses and grimaces, suffered herself to be prevailed on, but declined Miss Lonsdale's music, saying she would give them an old, but very favorite air of her's: she then played the song introduced into Shakespeare's 'Twelfth Night, "How imperfect is Expression!"

Chance had placed Henry at her elbow, and she evidently directed the song to him, endeavouring to throw into her countenance confusion and tender meaning, while her large glaring eyes were fixed on his face in a way that made him blush, and disconcerted him so much that he would gladly have retired from her side, had he not feared his removal while she sung would be construed into unpoliteness. Her squeaking and squalling afforded the highest entertainment to Miss Lonsdale and Horatio Dellamere; and notwithstanding Henry's unpleasant situation, his risible faculties were so

powerfully excited, that it was with the utmost difficulty he kept himself from laughing in her face. Before the party broke up Lord Dungarvon told him he should expect to see him with the earliest convenience. Henry promised to pay his duty at Mortimer Abbey the next morning; he found himself constrained to hand the Dutchess to her carriage, who bestowed on him so many soft sighs and tender adieus, that when he returned to the drawing-room Miss Lonsdale, imitating the voice and manner of the Dutchess, said, "Parting is such sweet sorrow, I could say good night 'till it were to-morrow."

"I rejoice we have parted at last, however," said Henry; "for of all others I think her the most disagreeable woman I have ever seen." "But then her rank and fortune—only take them into consideration," said Miss Lonsdale. "With all their glitter they cannot restore youth, or give her beauty," replied Henry. "Heaven help you," said Miss Lons-

dale ; “ you are quite a simpleton : when you are a few years older, and have gained a little experience in the ways of the world, you, like the rest of your mercenary sex, will consider wealth an equivalent for youth, elegance, and loveliness. Money will give understanding to an idiot, and the bloom of Hebe to age and ugliness.” “ Never in my estimation,” replied Henry ; “ I have no ambition to be great, therefore shall never outrage my feelings to obtain those proud distinctions, which in my opinion would be dearly purchased with my mind’s content and the loss of self-esteem.” “ You are certainly not the grandson of Lord Dungarvon,” said Horatio Dellamere ; “ such sentiments as these, expressed in his hearing, would lose you his favor for ever.” “ As I have never yet enjoyed it,” rejoined Henry, “ I shall have nothing to lament—brought up by the noblest, worthiest of men, I trust I shall never disgrace the principles he has been at such pains to

inculcate. I have been taught to estimate wealth only as it enables its possessor to be more benevolent ; to worship, to admire, and covet honor, humanity, and virtue : and in my opinion the poorest laborer on the Mortimer estate, enriched with these, is a greater man than Lord Dungarvon." " Degrade rank and splendor as you think proper," replied Horatio, " I am persuaded Lord Dungarvon will endeavour to exalt them in your estimation. I am certain you will have to combat his pride and his prejudices : he will at least try to make you the tool of his ambitious schemes." " He will meet a disappointment then," rejoined Henry : " Lord Dungarvon has been pleased to pass me over to these years as undeserving his notice or regard : he can scarcely expect me to renounce my settled opinions, to sacrifice the smallest of my comforts to his pride, or to be at all subservient to his ambitious views." " Suppose he was to propose a union with the Dutchess of Inglesfield,"

said Miss Lonsdale, "sure you would not have the cruelty, the temerity to refuse."

Henry burst into a fit of laughter: "Good heaven! how could so ridiculous an idea enter your imagination?" "My life upon it," said Horatio, "it does not strike his lordship as a ludicrous scheme; her interest is favorable to his ministerial engagements—her rank would add dignity even to the ancient and illustrious house of Mortimer, and her immense wealth purchase all the proud distinctions, the ostentatious trappings he is so doatingly fond of." "They shall never purchase me," replied Henry; "what, tie myself to a woman old enough to be my grandmother, with the additional disagreeables of ugliness and deformity! My dear friends, change the subject, I beseech you."

Horatio Dellamere rode the next morning with his friend to Mortimer Abbey, but left him at the gates, supposing that family occurrences would be talked over,

at which the presence of a stranger might well be dispensed with. Lord and Lady Dungarvon received Henry with the utmost cordiality and shew of affection ; they spoke of his father and mother, and expatiated with much apparent feeling on the disappointment and distress their imprudent marriage had occasioned the family : they reverted to their son Richard, who had lately buried two promising sons, praised him as the most dutiful of human beings, who in all that concerned the dignity and honor of the family had never appeared to consider his own wishes. They mentioned that he was then in the deepest affliction, dreading to lose his only surviving child, who, far gone in a consumption, was ordered to Lisbon for the recovery of his health. Henry thought he now perceived the motive of their kindness to him, in the dread of the noble house of Mortimer being without an heir, a circumstance his unfortunate mother had predicted in her letter to Lord Dungarvon. But this

notion had never yet floated in his lordship's brain ; the Honorable Richard Mortimer was yet in the prime of life, and his wife, some years younger than himself, was then pregnant. After having spent some time in the library, he was conducted over the superb mansion, which was decorated with every ornament that wealth could purchase, or luxury invent ; but no place so much delighted the taste, or interested the feelings of Henry as the gallery, the walls of which were hung with family portraits : among the most conspicuous for beauty was a picture of Mrs. Gertrude Mortimer binding up the white wing of a wounded pigeon, which was held by a boy of most engaging figure, in whose animated countenance commiseration and gratitude were finely depicted.

“ It was done for your father,” said Lord Dungarvon, observing Henry's eyes fixed on the painting ; “ when he was about eight years old he bought the pigeon of a boy who had shot, and was

going to kill it. His aunt undertook the cure of the wounded wing; the bird lived many years, and was a great favorite with both: but there," said his lordship, "is a likeness that was taken when he was about your age." The face of the portrait hung next the wall—Henry turned it; Lord Dungarvon's eyes glanced over it—an expression resembling sorrow rose in his face, but like a passing cloud, it was gone in a moment. "It might be taken for you," said he, "the likeness is so striking." He strode to an open window, and entered into conversation with some person below. Henry stood mournfully contemplating the picture of his father; all the melancholy circumstances of his banishment from his family, the parting from his wife, his voyage to the West Indies, his death and that of his mother, all rose to his imagination, and the mingled tears of affection and regret trembled in his eye: as he gazed upon the portrait he fancied it smiled upon him, and yielding to the

momentary delusion, he was ready to sink on his knees and implore a father's blessing.

He was roused by Lord Dungarvon, who led him from the gallery to the Dutchess's dressing-room: she had just concluded the mysteries of the toilet. Her glass had flattered her into a belief that her rouge had all the appearance of nature, and that her rich dishabille hid the deformity of her person. In perfect good humour with herself she received Henry with smiles of affability and delight, told him that he had been the subject of all her waking thoughts, and the magician who had created her dreams. Henry blushed, and declared she did him too much honor. "Why I protest," said the Dutchess, "you blush like a miss just led forth from the nunnery, and exposed for the first time to the rude gaze of man—you must discard this silly practice. A blushing girl is a subject for ridicule in fashionable circles; but a blushing man, mercy on me! he would

be the jest of enlightened society." Henry laughed and apologized for his *mauvais honte*, said he had but just escaped from the mountains of Wales, and that as yet he had not got his feelings in subjection. "O then you have feelings!" said the Dutchess looking languishingly in his face. "Yes," said Henry blushing still deeper, "and I trust they will never be blunted by an intercourse with fashionable manners; though I wish the time may arrive," added he gaily, "when I may be able to rule my sensations, and command my countenance so far as not to let it betray me upon every occasion." Lord Dungarvon, excusing himself on the plea of particular business, left them together.

The Dutchess invited Henry to take a seat by her on the sofa; he was far from being pleased at being shut up with, and condemned to pass his morning with her, yet still his natural politeness induced him to make an effort to entertain her: he talked of the country, of the beautiful

rides and walks about the abbey, of books, of drawing, and music. Her grace's reading had been very confined : she knew but little of books—for drawing she had no taste, and her knowledge of music was equally circumscribed ; but she thought Henry talked like an angel, and if he spoke so well on indifferent subjects, how eloquent must he be when love was his theme ! Her eyes and ears were fascinated, and before dinner was announced she felt she must be miserable if Henry Mortimer overlooked her partiality, and declined her alliance. The rest of the day passed tolerably pleasant.

Lord Dungarvon was a man of sense and education, and when not occupied in schemes of grandeur, or influenced by pride, was an extremely agreeable companion. Having an end to accomplish, he behaved to Henry with the utmost kindness and condescension ; at the same moment impressing him with an high opinion of his extensive knowledge, and

admiration of his cultivated talents. The dutchess simpered and languished, and made such pointed advances, that if Henry had not been the most diffident young man in nature, he would have seen that her attentions were designed to say in unequivocal language that her heart and hand were his whenever he could assume sufficient courage to solicit them.

Henry returned to Narbeth Lodge pleased with every thing he had met at Mortimer Abbey, except the dutchess, for whom his disgust seemed hourly to encrease. Before he retired to rest he sat down to give Sir Owen Llewellyn an account of his introduction to his grandfather, and his reception at Mortimer Abbey: he concluded with saying he hoped Lord Dungarvon expected no submission or obedience from him but what would accord with his principles, as he determined never in any instance to deviate from the precepts of honor inculcated by him his more than father, and to

which he would ever pay a religious reverence.

Henry had seemed to gain ground every hour in the good graces of his grandfather, who had made him several valuable presents, and Lady Dungarvon treated him with such tenderness that his heart began to resign itself to the delightful idea that he should be happy in the sincere affection of his family, whose endearments he now believed were influenced by no sinister views. Horatio Dellamere and Miss Lonsdale still adhered to their opinion that Lord Dungarvon had secret ends to accomplish, and that the present halcyon days would end in tumult and storm. Henry received a letter from Sir Owen Llewellyn congratulating him on his brightening prospects, but exhorting him never to lose sight of honor and rectitude—never to sacrifice his peace of mind for the attainment of rank or the possession of wealth, but always to remember that he had in him a father, in Adeline a sister, and a

home in Dolegelly Castle, should any unforeseen circumstance hurl him from the pinnacle on which hope and Lord Dungarvon's favor had placed him. A portion of every day Henry passed at Mortimer Abbey, and every day seemed to draw him nearer to Lord Dungarvon's heart. The dutchess had ogled, flattered, and made advances to him which his modesty and insensibility let pass utterly unregarded till she began to grow impatient and out of temper, at what she termed his stupidity, and his grandfather thought that his project was ripe for disclosing.

Having one morning requested Henry to accompany him in a walk to a plantation at a short distance from the abbey, after some little embarrassment and hesitation he began expatiating on the misery he had experienced in having his proudest, fondest hopes crushed and blighted by the disgraceful and imprudent marriage of his father, and the heart-rending affliction he had afterwards endured

at his death. "To you, my dear Henry," said he, "I now look up to make me a recompense for those mortifications, those disappointments with which your father so barbarously lacerated my heart. Henry was silent; he felt an unpleasant presage that some request was about to be made with which he should be unable to comply, and which would for ever destroy the plans of felicity his sanguine hopes had formed, and force him from the happiness he had began to enjoy in the bosom of his family. Lord Dungarvon had waited for Henry's reply, but perceiving him absorbed in thought, proceeded to state that he had not intended by the mention of his parents to raise melancholy remembrances that the past could not be recalled, and retrospections were useless and unavailing; therefore he would not wound his sensibility with the recapitulation of their errors. "No, my dear Henry, I only wish to know, to ask, whether you are willing to gild the evening of my days, to render my declining

years happy ; to compensate by your obedience to my request for the sorrows your unhappy, ill-advised father occasioned me."

Henry shuddered and stood irresolute, but being again urged by his grandfather, he desired to know by what act of duty he was to prove his wish of conducting to his happiness. " By an act," continued Lord Dungarvon, " which will elevate, enrich, and aggrandize yourself, and add splendor and dignity to our noble house. I have fixed my hopes, and set my heart on the accomplishment of this darling wish ; promise me, Henry, on your word of honor, that I shall not be disappointed." " Pardon me, my lord," said Henry ; " even in the most trivial matters I have been taught to hold a promise sacred ; I dare not pledge my word to fulfil a measure which neither my honor nor my wishes can approve. Speak your wishes plainly, and be assured that nothing short of a violation of those principles I cannot infringe will induce

me to refuse obedience to a request you may think proper to make." "The Dutchess of Inglesfield," replied Lord Dungarvon, "regards you with partial eyes." "I am sorry she is so ridiculous my lord," said Henry.

Lord Dungarvon frowned: "Have you then," said he, in a voice scarcely articulate from passion; "have you also engaged yourself to some offspring of a dunghill, some low-born wretch?" "Hold, my lord," said Henry, "spare yourself and me these painful interrogatories; my heart is free. I am under no engagements—bound by no promises." "Why then not accept the honorable alliance that is offered? an alliance," continued Lord Dungarvon, "which for high rank and unbounded wealth is not to be surpassed if equalled in the kingdom. What objection can you possibly make." "A most natural one, I think," answered Henry; "the disparity of our ages, not to say a word about the disagreeableness of person."

Lord Dungarvon smiled contemptuously. "No, my lord," continued Henry, "my principles, the honor I worship, will not allow me even to think of binding myself to a woman, the folly of whose deportment renders her in every discerning eye an object of contempt and ridicule; whom I could neither love nor respect. I would indeed do much to retain your lordship's favor, but if you demand the sacrifice of my whole life's happiness, I confess you rate it too highly." "What plebeian notions!" replied Lord Dungarvon; "silly boy, it is not likely that any great portion of your happiness would be sacrificed, as you term it: the dutchess is far from young, and her health...." "And you would persuade me," interrupted Henry, "meanly to marry a woman who is my aversion, merely to enrich myself by her death? Are these the real sentiments of Lord Dungarvon? do such pitiful, such sordid notions disgrace the illustrious Mortimers? What would the scruti-

nizing world say of wealth so acquired ?”

“ The world, sir,” replied the enraged Lord Dungarvon, “ is too well bred to search with much exactitude into the affairs of their superiors. It bows with submissive homage to wealth and splendor, and is never troublesome in its inquiries.” “ But my conscience would, my lord,” said Henry ; “ I have hitherto, thank heaven, escaped its reproaches ; my days have been calm, and my nights blest with repose. I am neither ambitious, nor mercenary enough to exchange my bosom’s peace for wealth which must be acquired at the expence of truth and honor. How could I promise to love a woman whose person is disgustful, and whose age would make the match unnatural ?” “ Degenerate offspring of a degenerate father, I have no more to say ; I have expressed my wishes ; you have thought proper to disappoint them. Go, sir, return to the mountains where you have hitherto vegetated ; hide in the shades of obscurity those notions which

in the great world, among enlightened people, would be laughed at and despised. I would have made you a great and distinguished character, but I see in you the dirty, ungrateful puddle of the Berresfords, predominates over the noble blood of the Mortimer's. Hence from my sight thou serpent; too much resembling her who in return for the benefits I had heaped upon her father seduced from his duty a son, who but for her arts might have still lived an honor to the illustrious family from which he sprung." This attack upon his sainted mother, the most artless of human beings, roused all the indignant feelings of Henry's nature; the fire flashed from his eyes while surveying Lord Dungarvon with a countenance expressive of the utmost contempt: he replied, "Yes, I will bear from your sight a form that must indeed be a perpetual reproach to you, because it must for ever accuse your lordship of meanness and barbarity. I go to enjoy upon the mountains and among the shades the bliss

of tranquillity ; I leave to your lordship rank and splendid misery. The character of her you have stigmatized with such unrelenting malevolence, by the lustre of her virtues reflected dignity on her humble house. You, by insatiable ambition, by inordinate avarice so disgrace the name of Mortimer, that I would gladly exchange it for the untitled one of Berresford."

Lord Dungarvon staid to hear no more : he turned towards the abbey, and left Henry to the indulgence of his own thoughts, which were not indeed of the most pleasant nature : " So then," said he, " all Lord Dungarvon's kindness and affection were but traps in which he hoped to catch my inexperience. Not content with immolating my parents on the altar of his insatiable ambition, he would elevate me to a life of wretchedness, merely to add a few more swelling titles to his family, and encrease those riches of which he has already too large a share."

Henry returned not to the abbey—he wished not again to encounter Lord Dungarvon, whose recent conversation had entirely destroyed the respect he was inclined to award him, and obliterated from his heart the affection consanguinity might have claimed. He proceeded on foot to Narbeth Lodge, where he disclosed to Horatio Delamere the breach with Lord Dungarvon. “Did I not tell you,” said he, “that the dutchess had cast on you the tender glance of love? What an insensible piece of frost-work you must be, to behold so much attraction ready to sink into your arms! Why your heart is harder than adamant; it is not calculable what you have lost by refusing her: she would have procured you a peerage, and then her wealth, it would have purchased you....” “Every thing but felicity,” said Henry; “I would not bind myself to that shrivelled old wanton if she could present me with a diadem. Why she has already buried two husbands!” Horatio laughed; “Aye,

and has not the least objection to marrying two more." "What extreme delicacy," rejoined Henry; "there are some circumstances that might furnish a woman with an excuse for taking a second husband, but when it comes to a third I acknowledge my sentiments are not very favorable; and for the dutchess, I hold her in the utmost contempt and abhorrence. I am told she has three daughters marriageable, and so much wealth that it leaves her not a desire ungratified." "Save that of taking to her embraces a young husband," rejoined Horatio; "and so determined is she to have another, that she confines her daughters, one of them near thirty years old, to the nunnery, because they shall not make her look old." "Are the daughters handsome?" inquired Henry. "You have no objection to marry one of them, perhaps?" said Horatio, "but I cannot reply to your question; I have never seen them—all that I know of them you shall hear. My cousin, Captain

Lonsdale, was vastly enamoured of the youngest, Lady Isabella Belville, a fine girl of about nineteen, whom he met with her nurse somewhere near Ravenhill Castle, a seat of her grace's in Cumberland, where it seems she immures her daughters, suffering them to mix with no society, or walk beyond certain boundaries. Unfortunately, before Edward could carry off the young lady, which it seems was his intention, the dutchess made a discovery ; she chose to disapprove, and confined her daughter, who I have heard is now in a state of derangement." " But why did the dutchess disapprove," said Henry ; " and what was her objection ?" " Want of title was the objection," replied Horatio, " but the true one I believe is the dread of being made a grandmother. Odious, ridiculous woman ! a braver, nobler fellow does not exist than Edward Lonsdale ; but being of an untitled family, her grace upbraided him with effrontery in presuming to look up to the daughter of the Earl of

Lucun. I fear some unwarrantable means have been used to reduce this young lady to the state she is described to languish in."

Lord Narbeth joining them the subject was dropped ; he expressed no surprise at the account Henry gave of his grandfather's requisition, but said he had always feared and suspected, that some extraordinary sacrifice would be demanded as the price of his lordship's condescension and apparent fondness. " It is well," said Horatio, " that you are not dependent on him—if you were your fate would be pitiable."

" Ah, my poor father," sighed Henry, " now I am more fully sensible of what you suffered ! Inexorable, unfeeling Lord Dungarvon, surely your heart is quite callous, or the remembrance of his disastrous fate would for ever deter you from wishing to influence the affections of your family. I go no more to Mortimer Abbey, for having explained my sentiments, and expressed my determina-

tion, I shall not chuse to enter into any further altercation with Lord Dungarvon on so hateful a subject, for if the price of his esteem must be the loss of my own, I cannot consent to enjoy his favor by forever relinquishing that first of blessings, an approving conscience."

"To-morrow, my dear Horatio, with Lord Narbeth's permission, we set off towards Cambridge." Lord Narbeth replied, "No, not to-morrow; perhaps Lord Dungarvon may repent—may wish to be reconciled; he may on mature consideration forbear to urge a matter he sees you so repugnant to. Give him a few days to get rid of these new formed wishes; he may hold out the olive-branch and recall you to Mortimer Abbey." Henry replied, "He would in all his best obey him." Lord Narbeth settled their departure for the beginning of the following week.

The young friends proceeded to the drawing-room, where Lady Narbeth and her niece rallied Henry severely on his

cruelty to a lady who was absolutely dying for him. Miss Lonsdale called him an actual simpleton for not marrying the dutchess who could not live many years to plague him, and then master of immense wealth, he might select the girl of his heart.

“ I once remember,” said Lady Narbeth, “ a match of this sort, where the ambitious family of a worthy but weak young man persuaded him to marry a woman more than thirty years older than himself, with the hope that she would die and leave him to enjoy her fortune ; however their views were frustrated—the old lady by her whims and caprices threw her young husband into a decline, and his disappointed relations followed him to the grave, and saw that wealth they had been so eager to obtain flow in a channel remote from their wishes.” “ I pity the fate of the poor young man,” said Horatio Delamere. “ My aunt said he was weak,” replied Miss Lonsdale, “ and the sequel of his history proves him so.

O, that some rich old fellow with ten thousand caprices and whims would offer me his hand !” “ You would not accept him ?” rejoined Henry. “ You are mistaken, my friend, in that point,” replied she ; “ I would marry him, and then for the trial : I will engage I would out whim him and out caprice him too. If he talked loud I would be louder still—if he was sulky so would I ; no doubt in one year I should be able to tire his patience and break his heart, and then for a dash upon the world with all the glitter of wealth, and the charms of widowhood.”

Henry and Horatio laughed ; Lady Narbeth shook her head. “ If I were not assured, my dear Emily,” said her ladyship, “ that what you have just uttered proceeds from unthinking vivacity, and is not the sentiment of your heart, I should be inclined to pass a very severe censure upon you ; but I know that you are an amiable, though a giddy girl, and in reality think differently to what you

have expressed on the subject of matrimony. No person, in my opinion, should enter that sacred state except those whose ages and dispositions assimilate, and who have seriously determined to make the happiness of each other their first consideration. So assorted wedlock is a state of felicity ; but

“ When souls that should agree to will the same,
To have one common object for their wishes,
Look diff’rent ways regardless of each other,
Love shall be banish’d from their genial bed,
And ev’ry day shall be a day of cares.”

CHAP. V.

Whither do you lead me—

'To death or prison glooms? Yet think betime
'There is an eye can pierce the dungeon's depths;
'There is an ear that listens to the captive's
Moan; heaven sleeps not while you do these deeds.

A. J. H.

DISAPPOINTED and irritated almost to madness by Henry's opposition to his wishes, Lord Dungarvon made no inquiries after him, and at the appointed time he left Narbeth Lodge with Horatio Delamere and their servants. They intended to sleep at Axminster the first night, but left the post road for the purpose of visiting a friend who lived a few miles across the country; with this friend

they dined, and remained until rather a late hour: in order to gain the right road they had to traverse a wood. The evening was cloudy, the moon had not risen, and it was with much difficulty they traced their way. When they had proceeded about four miles, and were in the middle of the wood they heard a whistle. "We shall be robbed," said Henry. "I have no such idea," replied Horatio; "in a road so little travelled it is not likely; the whistle proceeded from some laborer or wood-cutter, who perhaps has a dog that has strayed away, and whom he wishes to be his companion home." Henry was behind Horatio, in a path too narrow to admit two horses a-breast, and so rugged that they were obliged to proceed with the utmost caution—the servants were far behind.

Suddenly Henry's bridle was seized by two men who darted from behind a tree; four others gagged and blindfolded him. After travelling some miles in this way, through rough paths and down declivi-

ties, during which no sound met his ear, the bandage was removed from his eyes, and the gag from his mouth. The moon had risen—he saw the sea at a distance, and several small vessels at anchor. Henry now asked where they were hurrying him, and for what purpose? One of the men who appeared to be the leader of the gang replied, “As to where you be going, my young master, that is more than I can tell, cause why, I don’t know.” “By whose order do you act?” enquired the astonished Henry. “You will be in the secret all in good time, my young master, said the man; “but as to whose orders we act by, why we can’t tell what we don’t know ourselves.” “Not know!” exclaimed Henry. “No, all we knows about the affair is, that we shall touch the shiners for putting you safe aboard yonders little sloop; there our care ends: and that is all we knows of the business, my young master.” “Where is my friend, the gentleman that was with me, and our

servants?" inquired Henry. "O never fear for them; they are safe enough—on their road home, my young master."

"Then you had no orders respecting them?" "No, no, my young master, only to take care they did not watch which way you went." "Thank heaven," ejaculated Henry silently; "De-lamere will never rest until he discovers the fate of his friend.—and what may that fate be. Lord Dungarvon, to what miseries have you destined the son of Augustus Mortimer?"

He addressed the man who rode by his side again: "Answer me, I entreat you; am I to be sent abroad?" "Lord knows, my young master; I am as ignorant as the man in the moon what is to become of you after I parts from you—but I am sure I hopes no harm, because you be as fine a person, and as handsome a gentleman as one would wish to clap eyes on in a long summer's day: I should be sorry to my heart...." "If you would be sorry," said Henry interrupting him,

“that any harm should happen to me, why not prevent the possibility by allowing me to escape?” “O no, no, my young master, I can’t do that; I have tooked the money, and I can’t be such a big rogue as to break my word. Times are very hard, my young master; I have a sick wife and nine little children—I could hardly get bread for them: I was glad to earn money to buy the poor things meat.” “How vile, how debased must the man be, who takes advantage of the necessitous—who compels the needy wretch to those acts which but for imperious poverty his nature would revolt at. But if,” said Henry, again addressing the man, “a larger sum should be secured to you for allowing me to escape....”

They had now reached the edge of the water where a boat waited, and before the man had time to reply four sailors jumped on shore, and surrounded Henry. In an instant he was dismounted from his horse, and in the next found

himself rowed from shore. The clouds had dispersed, and a clear full moon shone on the waves. At any other moment such a tranquil lovely scene would have been delightful to Henry, but now his mind was too much occupied with reflections on what might be his future destiny to attend to the charms of nature. He attempted to converse with the men, to draw from them to whom they belonged, and what was their destination. All he could learn was, that their captain's name was Lawson; that his vessel was called the Ceres; that they belonged to Plymouth, but as to where they were bound they could not say, but they believed to Plymouth strait.

Henry finding he could obtain nothing satisfactory from the sailors continued silent, endeavouring to fortify his mind, and prepare it to sustain the afflictions he foresaw were preparing for him. Sometimes he supposed Lord Dungarvon, in whose power he conceived himself to be,

had contrived to send him abroad—to sell him to slavery. At other moments he imagined he was to be immured in some seclusion from whence his complaints would never reach the pitying ears of his friends. While these and a thousand other painful ideas passed in rapid succession through the mind of Henry, the sailors unheeding him were gaily singing a merry ditty, to the chorus of which their oars kept time. They soon made the sloop, on board which they no sooner entered than Henry was conducted below, to what they called the cabin, a little dirty hole about eight feet square, so full of tobacco smoke that he could scarcely discern two men, the captain and his mate, who sat at a table enjoying themselves over a can of flip. The captain, a little squab old man with squinting grey eyes, a turn-up nose glowing with carbuncles, and long yellow teeth, habited in a greasy tattered blue jacket and canvas trowsers saluted Henry with, “ You are welcome, my hearty—

though by the soul of my aunt Nell you have been a devil of a while coming; thought I should have lost the tide, which as I suppose you are a scholard, you knows waits for no man."

Then moving a little scuttle over his head he bawled out, "Weigh anchor, you lubbers." Then pushing the flip towards Henry, he said, "Take a swig, my hearty." The mate, on the command for weighing anchor being given, went upon deck. He was a tall hard featured man with a wooden leg; and as he passed by Henry stared him full in the face, and muttered an oath between his teeth. The captain appeared to be intoxicated; and as it is said that liquor opens the heart, and makes men communicative, Henry hoped to know from him where he was going, and how he was to be disposed of. He sat down, and being thirsty, drank of the flip offered by the commander of the Ceres, who shook him by the hand and exclaimed, "That is right, my hearty; pull away, we will

have another when this is out—we have plenty to last our voyage.” “Will it be a long one?” inquired Henry. “No, no, not long, all in land.” “Where are you bound to, captain?” said Henry. “Bound, my hearty; why I am bound to Plymouth, but I steer another course, take a contrary tack or two to oblige an old acquaintance.” “But where do you land me?” said Henry. “O, by the soul of my aunt Nell that won’t do, my hearty; mum’s the word with Anthony Lawson—my mouth’s stopped, do you see (cramming into it a large quid of tobacco.) ‘There is your bed,’ continued the captain, “and a nice, snug, warm birth it is; you may turn in as soon as you like.” At the same time opening a little cupboard in the side of the cabin, “I must go upon deck and see what them there lubbers are at.” Saying this he extinguished the lamps that hung over the table, and left Henry to his meditations. The smell of tar, the noise of getting in the anchor, united

with the motion of the vessel now under weigh, affected the whole frame of Henry so much that for a moment he felt inclined to throw himself upon the bed, and endeavour to sleep away the horrible sickness that assailed him; but remembering that when he cast his eyes into the hole, where he had been told he might turn in, it had appeared dirty and wretched, he determined to grope his way upon deck, and try the effect of fresh air. He had no sooner gained the deck than he was accosted by the captain, whose head was defended by a striped woollen night-cap :

“ What my hearty, not turned in—you had better stay below ; we shall have dirty weather---there is a squall brewing in the north-east.” “ No matter, captain,” replied Henry ; “ I am too sick to bear the confinement of the cabin : I shall die if I stay below.” “ Die ! no, no ; when you have emptied your bread-basket you will be as tough as an oak plank. Ned Ratlin, keep a sharp look

out that we don't run aboard any of them there little craft."

Henry sunk upon a hencoop, and complained of extreme sickness: "Aye, aye, my hearty, you fair weather sparks that don't know larboard from starboard, or stem from stern, are always yawish when you first put to sea; you will be used to it by and bye, and be able to take your allowance with the best of us." Henry lifted up his head; "by and bye," thought he. "How long do you suppose we shall be at sea?" "How long, my hearty, if the wind comes round, we may be at the end of our cruise by this time to-morrow; but if it holds as it is now, by the soul of my aunt Nell we may be beating about on this tack and t'other tack for this three weeks." "I hope not," said Henry. "I hope so, too, my hearty," replied the captain; "for if I be kept long in this here latitude I shall be for tumbling you overboard like another Jonas. Shiver my mizen," continued he, "but I want to be at Ply-

mouth, and if it was not that I am to be devilish well paid for this here trip I would have seen you make a bait for a shark, my hearty, before I would have steered out of my course on your account." "I am infinitely obliged to you," said Henry. "Whether you are obliged to me or not is as it may be; and don't argusfy nothing," replied the captain; "here you are, and I must fulfil my agreement." "What was your agreement?" inquired Henry. "Hey! why you must understand, my hearty.. luff, luff, you lubber," said the captain stalking up to the man at the helm. Henry thought he had brought him to the point he wished, and unwilling to lose the opportunity he followed him, and again repeated the question, "What was your agreement?"

The captain crammed another quid of tobacco into his mouth, and drawing Henry to the binnacle, asked him if he could box the compass. "I don't un-

derstand you?" said Henry. "Can you do a day's work?"

"Of what sort?" said Henry. "Of what sort, you land-lubber? Will you undertake to carry this here vessel safe to Greenland?" "No," said Henry. "And yet," said the captain, "you have all your jawing tackle on board, and will undertake to steer round me, and understand my course. Haul in a reef or two of your questions; lower your jib and back your mainsail. By the soul of my aunt Nell, you may as well strike your inquiries, for you will get nothing out of Anthony Lawson. Will you turn in?"

Henry preferred remaining upon deck. "Then I shall take the inner birth," said the captain. "Ned Ratlin, keep a sharp look out." "Aye, boy," growled the man with the wooden leg, as the captain descended the companion ladder.

The fresh breeze had recovered Henry: he sat musing on his strange fortune: he thought of Sir Owen Llewellyn, of Ade-

line, of Horatio Delamere, all of whom he knew would exert every nerve to discover him : one moment he indulged the consoling hope that he should soon be rescued from Lord Dungarvon's power, the next, yielding to melancholy, he believed himself fated to be the victim on whom his relentless grandfather had intended to revenge all his mortifications and disappointments ; and he shuddered to think how little able he was to withstand his vengeance now so completely in his power.

The squall the captain had foretold now came on ; the wind rose, and rattled in the sails, which were all taken in by the order of Ned Ratlin : the sea swelled mountains high, and tossed the little sloop with such violence that she one moment appeared to be mounting to the clouds, and the next sinking to the bottom of the fathomless deep—a wave broke over the lea side, and run along the gunnel. Ned Ratlin seeing Henry with difficulty keep himself upon the hen-

coop, advised him to go below, as it was going to rain. Henry thanked him for his attention, but declined his advice. Ned Ratlin limped away, and returned in a moment with a large watch coat. "Here, messmate," said he, "haul this coat about you, it has seen a good deal of service—shiver my limbs but it has weathered many a tough gale." This man, thought Henry, has a heart formed of tenderer materials than his rough exterior promised. "I am strong and well, my good fellow," said he, "you are an invalid, and want the comfort of your coat in this tempestuous night." "I never wear it, messmate," said Ned; "I have another below, that now and then serves me to lay my head upon when I sleep on deck, so you may as well haul it about you." Henry was glad to avail himself of Ned's kindness, for the next moment the rain fell in torrents, and the vessel was so agitated by the wind and waves, that he began to believe he should escape the malevolence of his grand-

father, expecting every moment that the sloop, unable to buffet the storm, would go to the bottom. Ned Ratlin told him that there was no danger, that she was a tight little vessel, and would live through a thousand such squalls as that. Henry addressed himself to heaven, and leaned his head against the creaking mast. In a short time the wind subsided, the dark clouds dispersed, the rain ceased, and the moon again shone in radiant beauty.-- The man at the helm began a doleful ballad; Ned Ratlin stumped backward and forward; Henry left the hencoop, and leaning over the side of the vessel, stood pensively watching her keel divide the sparkling waves. A voice at his ear whispered, "Mr. Mortimer;" he started, and beheld Ned Ratlin. "Do you know me?" said Henry.--"Yes, I should have known you, if I had not heard the captain say you were Lord Dungarvon's grandson, by your likeness to your father, with whom I sailed in the same ship to the West Indies. Aye, messmate, I was then

merry, young, and hearty ; I had not lost my precious limb, nor," said Ned, drawing his hand across his eyes, " I had not lost my tight pretty Sue, nor little Ben ; but they are all gone. I was then in his majesty's service ; could hand, reef, and steer with any Jack on board ; but, Lord help me, I was persuaded to go a privateering to make my fortune. Well, I lost my leg, and now—but no matter. Do you know, messmate, where you are bound ?" " No," replied Henry. " Into Cumberland," said Ned ; " your port is Raven-hill Castle." " So, so," said Henry, remembering this was the Dutchess of Inglesfield's seat, that Horatio Delamere had spoken of ; " and what is to become of me there ?" " I can say nothing to that question, messmate," said Ned ; " I know the captain is to receive a good sum for steering you there. But tell me, can I be of any service to you ? Your father, the honorable Captain Mortimer, saved my life when I fell overboard, and I feel in duty bound to serve you if I can ; for I

see, messmate, that you have been run down; you are not here by your own free will." "No," replied Henry, "I am forced away from my friends, brought here without my consent, and what I am yet to suffer heaven alone can tell." "But can you think of no way in which I may be useful to you, messmate?" replied Ned. "Yes, by giving my friends notice where I am conveyed," replied Henry. "I would gladly do this, messmate," said Ned, "but more is my mishap, I am no scholard—I never had no learning; I can neither read nor write; and you may see with your own eyes," continued he, pointing to his wooden leg, "that I am but badly built for travelling."

"We can manage this matter very well," said Henry. "I will take the opportunity while the captain is on deck of writing a few lines, which you can put in the post-office at the first port you touch at." "That will be Plymouth," replied Ned; "but avast, messmate, where will you get paper? for I doubt

whether such an article is to be found aboard, excepting with the captain." Henry had a letter about him ; he could use the cover of that. A few words would be sufficient to apprise his friends of his situation. " But then, splice my mizen, you can't write with salt water," said Ned ; " what will you do for pen and ink ? are you supplied with these articles too ? for I guess they will be hard to come by."

This was the worst part of the affair : Henry had indeed a pencil, with which he might have run the chance of writing a few lines ; but how was he to direct ? the pencil-mark would surely rub out. He explained this dilemma to Ned, who promised to take good care it was not rubbed out while on board, and that as soon as he set foot on shore he would get a friend to trace over the direction with ink. This affair being arranged, the mind of Henry became calmer : he questioned Ned Ratlin respecting his knowledge of his father.

“ He was as fine a man,” said Ned, “ as ever stepped between stem and stern; he would stand for hours together as you do now, looking so mournful, leaning on the side of the vessel with his eyes turned towards England, and fetch deep sighs, just as if all his thoughts were left behind him, for he never seemed to mind what was going on with the other officers, who were full of mirth and fun; and at night when it was my watch I always found him on deck: for my part I think he never turned into his hammock at all. Then he had a little small something, about the size of a crown piece, tied to a black ribband round his neck; I have often seen him kiss it. I suppose it was some love-token he had taken from his wife when they parted.” “ It was her picture,” said Henry. “ Likely, mess-mate, likely,” replied Ned; “ but be what it will, poor gentleman, he seemed to prize it highly. The last time I parted from my Susan she gave me this six-pence with a hole in it; I have kept it

ever since. Poor girl, she died of the fright she got at seeing me stump into the house with this piece of timber spliced to my knee ; she had not lain in of Ben above a week. Well, well, we must all die sometime, but it was hard to lose my leg, my wife and child, and all in the short space of a year."

Ned wiped his eyes, and opening his check shirt took from his bosom the sixpence ; he gazed upon it—his tears gushed out : " This," said he, " goes with me to the grave ; and when Sue and I meet in the other world I will tell her I never forgot her or little Ben, nor parted with her love-token."

Henry was affected ; he looked on the sixpence suspended from the neck of the sailor, and in his eyes it appeared a rich and holy relic, embalmed with the tears of a most sincere affection. " I suppose," said Ned, " I should be called a watery-headed lubber for this, but never mind, I have seen the time when I scorned snivelling as much as any man, and would not

have skulked in the hold from the enemy's fire; but now my hull is leaky, and my timbers are shattered, it is time I was laid up in safe moorings, for I am not fit for service: but at the time I fell overboard I was a strong stout fellow, able to grapple with half a dozen Frenchmen. I should have been stowed in Davy Jones's locker though if it had not been for your father, messmate; he jumped in after me, and towed me safe to the ship, and shall I ever forget that kindness to me? no, may I be sent to sea in a leaky boat, without provisions or compass, if ever I do." Henry shook him affectionately by the hand.

The morning was clear and fine. At an early hour the captain came upon deck—"Well, my hearty, what you have kept watch all night? Will you have a spell below now? I have warmed your birth for you. Are you ready for your allowance? Here, you Tom Hawser, bring the pork and biscuit, I shall breakfast upon deck." Henry had but little

appetite for the dirty fat pork which the captain and his mate devoured with the highest relish, and swilled down with grog.

“ Come, my hearty,” said the captain, “ it argues nothing to be sulky ; what must be must, you know ; worse luck now the better another time : so drink and drown sorrow. The wind is in the right quarter---hoist the scudding sails ; we shall just nick the evening tide.” Henry wished to be alone that he might prepare the letter for Ned Ratlin. As soon as their repast was finished he went below, and wrote with his pencil to Horatio Delamere :—

“ After our strange separation no doubt my dear Horatio is anxious to be acquainted with the fate of his friend : I am now on the coast of Cumberland, in a vessel scarce bigger than a cockle-shell ; all that I know of my future destination is that I am to be conveyed to Raven-hill Castle, but whether as the pri-

soner of Lord Dungarvon or the Dutchess of Inglesfield I am yet to learn. You will inform Sir Owen Llewellyn of my situation, who I have no doubt will lose no time in procuring my liberty. You will perceive that I write under dread of a discovery; but as providence has raised me a friend who promises to convey this to the post-office, I trust it will reach you in safety, for on this alone rests the hopes of

HENRY AUGUSTUS MORTIMER."

Having finished his letter he was at a loss to seal it, but in this exigence also he determined to rely on honest Ned. He was fatigued, his spirits were exhausted, his eyes were heavy, and he felt inclined to accept the captain's proposal of turning in: but casting his eyes into what he had termed his warm, snug birth, it even appeared more filthy and deplorable by day than at night, and he turned in disgust from the idea of sleeping in so wretched a hole. He stretched

himself upon the floor ; in a few moments his eyes closed, and forgetting the strangeness of his situation, and the hardness of his bed, he sunk into a profound sleep, and enjoyed for several hours that sweet and refreshing repose which never visits the weary eyelids of guilt. It was evening when he awoke ; he felt hungry, and went upon deck, where he found the captain at his constant avocation, smoaking.

“ What, my hearty,” said he, “ by the soul of my aunt Nell, but the little Ceres has nicked you as snugly as if you had laid in your mammy’s cradle ; you have had a rare long spell. Well, is your stomach come to ? can you peg your allowance now ? You land lubbers are for the most part cursed dainty, but after a spanking breeze you are brought to. Can you eat lobs-couse ? ” Henry answered he believed he was hungry enough to eat any thing. “ The fin of a shark, hey, my hearty, or any other such delicate morsel. Here, you greasy chops,”

speaking to a boy that was picking oak-um, “ hoist sail, and make he lobs-couse hot : mayhap Ned Ratlin may be able to take some grub now. Go below, and see how he is.”

Henry listened in dismay to this last order. “ Is he ill ?”—“ Aye, my hearty, poor Ned dropped down by my side in a fit this morning, as dead as a herring,” replied the captain. “ Him and I have rode out many a rough gale together. As good a seaman as ever doubled the Cape ; but he will soon be a log upon the water : his sand is almost run—his watch is nearly out.”

“ Good God, how unfortunate !” said Henry, reverting to his own fear of not having his letter forwarded.—“ Aye, unfortunate enough for me, my hearty : I shall have a sore loss in him. By the soul of my aunt Nell, he is as good a seaman as ever flung a log-line, or stood at a helm. I remember him twenty years ago, a fine strong fellow, when we engaged the Dutch in the Mediterranean ;

we fought yard arm and yard arm for nine glasses. It was hot work, my hearty, every man to his gun ; well, Ned got a shot in his shoulder ; the captain would have sent him down to the cockpit for the surgeon to dress his wounded fin.— ‘ Avast there,’ said Ned, ‘ though my left arm is disabled, I have still the right able to fight for my king and country ; and if they were both blown away, while my props would support my hull, Ned Ratlin would stand here, and encourage his shipmates to do their duty, and not suffer Mynheer Vanswagger to hoist his *dirty rag* over a *British Jack*. Huzza ! England for ever !’ We gave three cheers ; Ned helped to take the Dutchman ; but what signifies all this ? Death has benumbed him at last ; his sails will soon be furled up.’

Henry’s feelings did justice to Ned’s valour. He wished to see him : he was interested about him from a double motive—he considered him as a brave and honest fellow, whose heart was an honor

to human nature, and he hoped most sincerely that the captain exaggerated his danger, for he saw that with him must perish the hope of letting his friends know his situation.

When he had ate the mess set before him, he descended with the captain to the hold. Poor Ned was stretched on a miserable hammock in a hole to which neither light nor air had access. "Good heaven," said Henry, as he just distinguished the form before him, "must the man who has nobly fought the battles of his country die in such a hole as this without help, without comfort?"

"Avast there, messmate," said Ned, opening his languid eyes, "all on board are ready to help me; a sailor's comfort is a glass of grog, I can have that too; and as for dying in such a hole as this, what matter where a man dies?—the grave is a darker locker than this, and so long as no sins burden my conscience, why I can die happy any where."

"Don't talk of sheering off, Ned,"

said the captain, "we shall drink many a can of flip together yet." "I trust," said Henry, "you will recover." "Never in this world, messmate," replied Ned; "my death-warrant is signed, I shall soon be under hatches—I shall soon be with Sue and little Ben."

Henry was nearly suffocated; Ned's wits began to ramble; he talked incoherently; Henry gladly accompanied the captain upon deck; he saw it was impossible Ned should live, and his own hopes seemed expiring with him.

The wind had filled the sails of the *Ceres*, their course had been pursued without interruption, and early in the evening the towers of a castle were visible in the horizon; and as the breeze was still favorable, they soon had a full view of the antient edifice. Such a scene under any other circumstances would have gratified the taste of Henry, which ever delighted in the grand and sublime. In a short time the captain told Henry that he was to land him at that castle.—"And

for what purpose?" inquired Henry.—
"That, my hearty," said the captain,
"I never troubled myself about—it is
no *business* of mine you know; and by
the soul of my aunt Nell, I have plenty
of my own to *mind*, without stirring other
men's porridge." Henry turned from him,
and surveyed the surrounding objects:
the sea washed the rocky base of a majes-
tic mountain, round which wreaths of mist
were curling in fantastic clouds, which
as they ascended assumed a variety of
forms. A forest of dark pine and oak
bounded the view on one side; on the
other, cultivated lands and pastures, en-
riched with reposing cattle, met the eye,
while in the distance rose, in dark and
proud magnificence, the pointed turrets
and ivy-covered battlements of Raven-hill
Castle, which, sportively silvered by the
clear moon-beams, presented a grand spe-
cimen of gothic architecture. Henry
gazed and sighed deeply, as his agitated
mind endeavoured to pierce the thick-
woven veil that enveloped futurity. Ha

thought of the dear happy domestic circle at Dolegelly Castle—of his friend Horatio Delamere, whom he was perhaps fated to behold no more. He heard the captain order out the boat with sensations of horror such as he had never before experienced. Soon after he told the men to lie to; then addressing Henry, “Come my hearty,” said he, “the boat is ready, your cruise is nearly over.”

Henry was sensible that resistance was of no avail: his eye again glanced over the dark towers of Raven-hill Castle, and he felt the agonizing assurance that he was devoted to suffering—the unhappy offspring of most unhappy parents, doomed to encounter more wretchedness, worse misery, than they had endured.

As he descended the sloop’s side he inquired after Ned Ratlin. “He floats yet,” said the captain, “but death grapples him; he will soon have him under hatches.”—“Peace be with him,” said Henry; “he will escape the thousand ills that flesh is heir to.”—“I don’t know

that he was heir to any thing excepting sorrow," said the captain; "and by the soul of my aunt Nell, he had always a full allowance of that, my hearty."

The boat cut swiftly through the waves; the captain began smoking, and the men that rowed the boat laughed and talked of their friends and families at Plymouth. One said his mother had received news of his death, and how she would rejoice to see him come "capering on shore;" another spoke of a friend, and a third of a sweetheart. "Alas!" thought Henry, "all are in expectation of happiness—all rejoice in the transporting idea of meeting friends and relatives, except me, and I am torn from every dear connection, every valued friend, to encounter I know not what evils, to meet a fate terrible to imagination, because unknown."

In less than an hour they made the castle. A low arched door belonging to one of the towers stood half open: two men, apparently in waiting, stood ready

to receive them; the captain hailed them, and was instantly answered. One of the men approached to the edge of the water, and said, "Why, Lawson, we thought you would never come; we have waited for you till our patience is nearly worn out."—"Well, my hearty, we are here at last," said the captain, "as quick as wind and tide would let us; and by the soul of my aunt Nell, I hope you have got something good in the fort to wet our jackets with. Shiver my mizen, my throat is as dry as a piece of old junk." He jumped on shore; Henry followed, and addressing himself to him who appeared to be the superior, inquired by whose orders he was brought contrary to his inclination to that remote place, and for what purpose.

The man eyed him with a malicious grin, and turning to his companion, said, "A good likely well-grown fellow!"—"Aye, aye, let the old one alone," replied the other. Henry repeated his questions. "As to by who and for what you are

brought here," said the man, "you will find out in time if you have any luck; and bad as you may fancy your case is, it is far better than what is worse." The man laughed at his own wit, and proceeded to state that the breeze was sharp, and that he was numbed with waiting so long in the cold.

Henry looked round, but no possibility of escape presented itself: he was encompassed round by men who seemed resolute to execute the orders they had received, and he was obliged to submit to circumstances that were irremediable.— One of the men roughly seized his arm, and dragged him under the gateway, the iron door of which was closed after them with a noise which made Henry shudder. "Now then," said he, "I am completely in the power of my enemies, secluded for ever from friends and liberty."

"Cheer up, my hearty," said the captain, puffing a cloud of tobacco smoke in his face; "life's like a ship on the troubled ocean; just now to be sure you sail


against wind and tide, with the enemy close at your stern ; but you may yet slip the cable of ill-fortune ; and by the soul of my aunt Nell, though your anchor is lost, and your mast torn by the board, you may weather the storm, and ride safe into port, for all the underwriters have given you up for lost ; so cheer up, my hearty."

CHAP. VI.


An act

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there. O! such a deed,
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul; and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words. rebellious heat,
If thou canst mutiny in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame
When the compulsive ardor gives the charge,
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason ponders well.

SHAKESPEARE.



THEY now entered the extensive court
of the castle, on the high and ponderous
walls of which, at equal distances, were
placed ravens sculptured in black marble,

supporting the arms of the Belville family. A long and magnificent flight of marble steps led to the grand entrance, up which Henry was desired by his conductor to ascend, while he perceived the rest of the party disappear through a passage leading to the servants' offices.

Having crossed a splendid hall, and many apartments and highly decorated galleries, they passed through a long arched passage that led them to another court, apparently situated at the back of the castle: here they found two men loaded with hampers. He had not as yet exchanged a single syllable with his guide, expecting that every door he passed through would usher him to the prison he was fated to occupy; but seeing the men in waiting, he had an idea that the articles they carried were for his use, and that he was to linger out his being in some remote dungeon, far from human aid and human pity.

Some conversation took place between the men, but it passed in too low a tone

for him to distinguish what was its purport; he leaned against the massy wall, and remained lost in agonizing conjecture, till the unlocking of a door close by him roused him to observation. A dark passage presented itself; Henry drew back, but the men having deposited their load, he was compelled to enter with them. He heard the door lock behind him, and in spite of remonstrance he was hurried forward.

He perceived they did not go strait on, but made several turnings: at length one of the men said, "Sure we have passed the stairs."—"No, you fool," replied another, "we are not come to them; here they are on your right hand."

"Yes, yes," said another voice, "here they are sure enough, the devil has not moved them. I remember these same stairs well enough, and so do you, Tom. You can't forget the time you helped to carry my lady dutchess's....." "Curse on your prating," said another voice; "keep moving, I want to get back to

the inhabited part of the castle; I hate this place."

"And not without a cause," replied another voice; "and for the matter of that I have no particular reason to like it."—"You are a couple of cowardly scoundrels," rejoined the first speaker, "and would be afraid of your own shadows were you to see them on the wall."

The dim light of the moon streaming through a narrow window placed high in the wall discovered to Henry that they were traversing a long matted gallery.—"Go forward, Frank," said the leader of the party, "to the last room on the left hand, and strike a light."

"May I be hanged if I go alone to that room," said Frank.—"And hanged you will be one day or other, if you have your deserts," said he who appeared to have most authority among them; "strike a light here, you shallow-brained oaf; you have a devilish deal more reason to fear the living than the dead."

A light was struck, and they entered

the apartment on the left hand. Henry recoiled as he beheld its desolate appearance: a broken chair, a worm-eaten table, and a low couch were all its furniture: the men opened the hampers; they contained some slight covering for the couch, a few logs of wood, and provisions.

“And is this place,” said Henry, casting his eyes round the apartment, “allotted for me?”

“We are so instructed,” replied one of the men who was placing some food on the table.

They kindled a fire, arranged his couch, and lighted a lamp. One of them then advancing to Henry, said, “Having provided for your necessities, our commission for the present ends; to-morrow we shall visit you again.”

They then quitted the room; Henry heard the door locked and bolted, and listened to their retreating steps as they sounded along the lofty gallery. Until that moment hope had supported his spi-

rits ; but when he found himself indeed a prisoner, shut from society, far from the knowledge of those beings he most loved and valued, immured where his sufferings would never reach their ears, he sank in despondency upon the couch, and gave himself up to all the bitterness of grief.

A few moments served to convince him of the weakness of his conduct, of the folly of yielding to despair ; the morrow might present some favorable turn ; he might by seeking for opportunities, by perseverance escape.

No sooner had this idea struck him than he started from the couch, and with scrutinizing eye searched his apartment : it was matted like the gallery ; he shook the door, but it was cased with iron, and too strong to yield to his efforts. He next examined the window, but it was too high in the wall for him to reach, and the table and chair appeared too crazy to sustain his weight. He was hungry, thirsty, and exhausted ; he ate of the food, and drank plentifully of the water, the only be-

verage that had been left him ; and though unused to such humble fare, he felt satisfied and refreshed. He next examined the couch, which though coarse was clean, and he threw himself upon it, ruminating on the folly of man, who plunges into guilt, encounters peril, ventures on hardships and fatigue, to procure the luxuries that ultimately destroy his health and peace, while modest nature is satisfied with plain simple viands and the running stream :

“ Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.”

“ If Lord Dungarvon were only sensible of this truth,” thought Henry, “ his mind would escape the tortures of remorse, nor should I be the imprisoned victim of his pride and his ambition.”

Henry passed the night in sweet and undisturbed repose ; and with the first beam of morning sprang from his lowly couch, again to examine his prison, in the hope that he might find some means of

escape. He placed the table against the wall under the window, and springing upon it, found, contrary to his opinion, that it would bear his weight; but he was yet too low to reach the casement.—In descending to the ground his hand struck against something in the wall, which he found to be the fastening to a recess, so nicely matted that it appeared a part of the wall. He unclosed it, and was agreeably surprised to find it contained books.

On opening one, a parcel of letters fell to the ground, and under the last volume he found several sheets of manuscript poetry.

The books were Zimmerman on Solitude, Plato on the Immortality of the Soul, and the poetic works of Savage and Chatterton.—“A melancholy collection,” said Henry, as he looked over the title-page of each volume, “and most probably belonged to some such unfortunate being as myself—one perhaps whom the strong arm of power had secluded from

the blessings of society, to whom these books were a real acquisition." He looked on the superscription of the letters; they were addressed in a female hand to Horace Nevil, Esq. The contents of one ran thus :

" Yes, dearest Nevil, I admit the truth of your reasoning; but while my judgment is convinced, my heart, unable to relinquish the transport of loving you, shrinks from the idea of separation, and clings to the hope of overcoming your scruples, of thawing your frigidity, of triumphing over that philosophy which, while it proclaims the calmness of your feelings, agonizes mine. Why did you ever say that Julia was dear to you, if you can coldly resign her, at the moment when she is ready for thy sake to sacrifice family and fortune, when she would fly to thy arms, and, renouncing the pride of birth and the splendor of affluence, would gladly share thy cottage, happier, prouder

to be called thy wife, than the daughter of the Earl of Lucan? I know you will speak of your poverty, will tell me you are untitled; but have you not a mind rich in elevated sentiment, in exalted worth? Before these, the adventitious advantages of rank and wealth, in my estimation, sink to nothing. Nevil, I am greatly thy inferior; I seek thy alliance to ennoble myself. Come at midnight to the pavilion; but hope not, beloved of my soul, to persuade me to forget thee: no, “while reason holds a place in this distracted globe,” so long will that reason worship thee; so long as this heart shall throb, its hopes, its wishes will all be thine. Lady Lucan may menace, but my affrighted soul still flies to the bosom of Nevil.”

The rest was torn off. “This,” said Henry, “was love. Oh! will the heart of any gentle being ever throb for me—ever cherish sentiments like these?” He opened the next:

“ I send you the manuscripts, and I know I need not tell you to lose no time in their correction. You know not with what pleasure I write, while I believe that the talent with which it has pleased heaven to gift me will assist to provide for the exigencies of life. There are many persons in the world who get their bread by the efforts of their pen; and with such an instructor as Horace Nevil to correct and embellish my productions, I feel assured of success. Look over the little tale I send with this, and give me your opinion of it. The Earl and Lady Lucan are much displeased at my scribbling passion, degrading they say to a woman of fashion. What have I to do with fashion, I who am devoted to love and the muses?

“ The earl disapproves of books in general, and says a female of rank is sufficiently learned, if she can read and write a visiting-ticket. What a revolution in his lordship's opinions! He has not al-

ways thought thus, or why were you introduced at Raven-hill Castle?—why authorized to direct and superintend my studies? Oh! it was powerful destiny that led thee hither—that decreed thee the sovereign ruler of Julia's heart. Yes, it was almighty destiny that led me to find in thee a congenial spirit, a kindred soul.

“ I cannot come at the usual hour to the pavilion. I know not whether our meetings are suspected, but the gate is locked, and the key is I understand in the possession of Lord Lucan. The iron door leading to the chapel was I observed to-day unclosed; by that road you can reach the west tower, and from thence to my dressing-room. Do you remember when we were last at chapel we returned that way? Shall I ever forget that hour? no, never!—when the voice of Nevil whispered in the delighted ear of Julia, “ I love thee.” At midnight all will be retired, and most likely every one's eyes

closed in sleep, except those of thy devoted and expecting

“ JULIA.”

Henry remembered to have heard that the Dutchess of Inglesfield's first husband was the Earl of Lucan; this Julia then was their daughter—Ah! how unlike her mother! He proceeded to the next letter:

“ Am I indeed thine, my Nevil?—Has the sacred ceremony past that has indissolubly bound our fates together?—It seems like a blissful vision—Can it be reality?—Yes, I perceive on my finger the magic circle, the little golden amulet. I press it to my lips, to my heart, and that heart's quickened pulses assure me I am the wife of Horace Nevil.

“ Lord Lucan is giving orders for the travelling carriages to be ready at an early hour on Wednesday morning, to set off for London. Nevil, beloved of my soul, before then we shall be on our way

to thy cottage, to Julia's Eden. Do not come before twelve to-night. Hitherto I have met thee with dread, I have trembled with apprehension ; but now all these uneasy sensations are lost in floods of dissolving tenderness—thou art mine ! —the worshipped of my heart is my husband, and only death can divide us. Jane has asked my permission to go to her sister, who is ill. I was rejoiced at the opportunity of getting rid of her ; she is to remain all night. We shall meet without interruption. Nevil, how does thy heart feel ?—mine beats with sensations never known before. Am I indeed thy wife ?—Am I no longer Julia Belville ? Come and receive my sighs of happiness—come and hide my blushes in thy bosom.”

Henry was replacing the letters when he heard the sound of footsteps in the gallery, and had just time to descend from the table, when the bolts of the door were withdrawn, and one of the men who

had attended him the night before entered with a fresh supply of provisions and fuel.

He saluted Henry with much respect, and hoped he had rested well.

“ Perfectly well,” said Henry; “ I have, I thank heaven, no remorse of conscience to prevent my sleeping : I am far more “ sinned against than sinning ;” and most likely have enjoyed on this mean pallet more sweet and undisturbed repose than those who have condemned me to this prison, though stretched on beds of down.”—“ I wish it was in my power, sir, to alter your condition, I would most willingly. I have seen a good deal of sorrow in this chamber.”

“ Who last inhabited it ?” said Henry. “ A gentleman,” replied the man, “ who suffered much hardship ; he was said to be married to one of our ladies. Poor thing, she is quite out of her wits ?”

“ Was the gentleman’s name Nevil ?” said Henry.

The man stared.—“ Did you know him, sir ?”

“ No,” replied Henry, “ only by name.”

“ Poor gentleman, he got from this chamber, and nobody knows how nor which way. He was it seems a great scholar, and some of our servants say he raised the devil, and that he helped him to escape ; however, sir, get away he did, some how, by hook or by crook ; but for my part, I believe Lady Lucan, who is now Dutchess of —.”

The man stopped suddenly.

“ Proceed,” said Henry ; but the man looked confused and continued silent.

“ At once to relieve your mind,” said Henry, “ I will satisfy you that I know where I am : this edifice is Raven-hill Castle, and belongs to the Dutchess of Inglesfield. Was not her daughter, Lady Julia Belville, married to Mr. Nevil ?”

“ Yes, certainly, more is the pity ; but do you know that they were surprised

together on their wedding-night ; that he was dragged from the arms of his wife, and confined in this chamber, where he pined for more than a year, and that his wife lost her senses ?”

“ No,” said Henry, with a deep sigh, “ I did not know this.”

“ She is quite mad still,” continued the man, “ and wanders about the apartments of the west-tower, holding conversations with her husband, whom she fancies she sees. It is now ten years since her marriage, and during that time her mother has never visited her but once, for she is afraid of her, though, poor lady, she is perfectly harmless, and spends her time in making verses, so mournful, and singing such doleful songs, your heart, sir, would bleed to hear her.”

“ But respecting Mr. Nevil’s escape,” said Henry.

“ I can give you no account how or which way he went, but there are those in the castle who could tell if they chose,”

replied the man. "At the farther end of the gallery through which you passed last night is a private staircase that leads to the vaults belonging to the chapel ; I suspect that his body was conveyed that way."

"His body !" repeated Henry.

"Yes, sir, to be hid underground," rejoined the man ; "but I shall be wanted, and the steward, Mr. Barnet, by whose orders I came, will reprimand me for staying so long."

He made up the fire and departed, fastening the door after him.

"To be hid underground !" repeated Henry, groaning ; "wretched, ill-fated Nevil ! but still more unhappy Julia !—his miseries are terminated ; his heart has forgot its sorrows—she still exists to suffer. And may not my own fate resemble his ? May I not be destined to languish out a miserable existence in this desolate apartment—to die among strangers, and have my hapless remains hid underground, unlamented by the heart

of friendship, unwept by those who loved me ; no sacred rite performed, no consecrated earth laid over me !”

Several days past in which Henry was so occupied with mournful reflections on the fate of Nevil, and the lamentable insanity of Lady Julia, in commiserating their divided loves, and deploring their disastrous fortunes, that he almost forgot his own sorrows. He was attended during this time by the same man, who one morning in addition to his usual humble fare brought some fruit, which as he was but scantily supplied with plates, he laid on the table on a newspaper.—“ Perhaps, sir,” said the man, “ it will give you some pleasure, to know what is going forward in the world. I stole this paper from the steward’s room ; he talks of visiting you himself to-morrow ; you will take care to destroy the paper, for should he discover that I have even brought you this little indulgence, I should be exchanged for somebody else, who may not be as well inclined towards

you." Henry thanked the man, and promised to observe his caution. He took up the newspaper : the first thing that struck his eye was an advertisement offering immense rewards for his discovery, describing at large the manner of his being seized and conveyed away.

" I am not forgotten," said Henry, his eyes swimming in tears, as he pressed to his lips and his heart the names of Sir Owen Llewellyn, of Lord Norbeth, and Horatio Delamere.

" My father, my friends, shall I ever again behold you," exclaimed Henry, " will Adeline ever again fly to meet, and embrace her brother ?"

Again his eye wandered over the paper ; one column was entirely filled with his adventure, and severe strictures on the conduct of Lord Dungarvon, who was strongly suspected of having entered into a plot against his grandson. The Dutchess of Inglesfield was ridiculed, and condemned ; it also announced the decease of Selwyn Mortimer, the only re-

maining son of the Hon. Richard Mortimer, who died while preparations were making for his voyage to Lisbon.

“So pass away,” said Henry, “all the proud aspiring hopes of Lord Dungarvon, the sickly pampered offspring of his favorite, all moulder in the sumptuous mausoleum of their ancestors, while the neglected son of Augustus Mortimer, in spite of oppressive tyranny, still enjoys Heaven’s first great blessing, health.”

Again he read the paper, and again the cherished hope of escape possessed him. Suddenly he thought he might stand upon the door of the recess, and from thence reach the window. He knew he should not be visited before morning: the moon was yet too young to light him, but at all hazards he resolved to attempt an escape. The day appeared unusually long, and he hailed the approach of night with transport; he placed the letters and manuscript of the unfortunate lady Julia in his bosom, and it being nearly dark he ascended

from the table to the door of the recess : and after much toil he succeeded in reaching the window, the stone work of which being decayed it yielded to his touch, and fell out with a splashing noise, that convinced Henry the sea ran beneath : after many unsuccessful attempts he at last stood on the sill of the window. The night was calm, the stars shone with unclouded brilliancy : he contemplated the thickly studded arch of heaven with religious rapture, and recommending himself to the protection of the Being who taught the planetary system to roll its splendid course, he dropped from the window to the battlement that ran round the tower, and perceived that the sea encircled all that side of the castle : from the battlement was no retreat except along a narrow ridge indented in the wall, from which one false step would precipitate him from an immeasurable height into the “ world of waters.” He saw there was only a few crumbling stones between him and eter-

nity ; but he resolved to proceed, though his situation, full of peril, threatened him every moment with destruction, climbing over decayed parts of the edifice, that shook beneath his weight, while many a heavy moss-covered stone loosened by the touch of his foot, or his hand, fell with appalling noise into the waves beneath. Almost exhausted, his clothes torn, his hands bruised and lacerated, he gained a wall about seven feet high, against which he perceived the tide was flowing, and he determined to wait till it should recede : he sat down on the wall, and heard a clock strike twelve. “ Good God ! ” said Henry, “ how many hours have elapsed since I began my perilous journey—how little does Sir Owen or his gentle daughter think of the dangers that encompass their unhappy wanderer. Sweet and peaceful be their slumbers ! soon, very soon I trust, I shall press them to my bosom, shall hear the honest indignation of Sir Owen, shall see the tear

of soft compassion tremble in the mild and expressive eyes of Adeline."

Many an anxious look Henry cast on the swelling tide, many a wish escaped him that it would retreat. At length it began to ebb, and with inconceivable joy he beheld it recede from the wall.— Henry uninjured felt his feet touch the sands ; he walked with a quick pace, and soon lost sight of the frowning turrets of Raven-hill Castle. The sun had scarcely risen when he found himself opposite a farm house, into which he immediately entered, requested some refreshment, and inquired if he could be supplied with a horse and guide to the nearest town. Henry's coat was torn in many places ; his linen was soiled, and his hands and face were scratched and bloody, for he had wounded them in scrambling over the sharp stones and flinty walls of the castle. The man to whom he addressed himself stood for some moments with his mouth open staring at him ; at last he

inquired where he came from, and in such a miserable plight. Henry briefly related his adventure, and promised the man a handsome reward, if he would assist him to the next town, declaring himself too weary to proceed on foot. "Pretty work, indeed," said the farmer, "to carry a man away by force, and shut him up, as a body may say, without leave or licence: why for what I know this may turn out to be a hanging matter. Yes, yes, young gentleman, I will do my best to help you, but you must indeed be very tired, so my dame shall give you a bowl of new milk, and shew you to a bed, where you had better take an hour or two's rest: my horses are all out at plough at present, and it will be some time before they can be fetched here." "Dame, why don't you come in?" Presently a clean elderly woman made her appearance, to whom the former repeated Henry's story, which she every now and then interrupted with exclamations of anger and pity. Henry made a

delicious breakfast on bread and new milk, and was soon after shewn by the good woman to a clean comfortable bed : for some time he could scarcely persuade himself that he was awake, or that he had in reality escaped from the confinement of the castle. As his thoughts became more calm, he anticipated the delight of surprising his friends by his unexpected presence, of receiving their congratulations, and recounting to them his perilous adventures. Fatigue at length weighed down his eyelids : he had not slept long before he was roused from his repose by some person roughly shaking his arm ; he started up, and found the farmer's wife by his bed side : " Get up, young gentleman," said she, " get up and begone. You have ran away from one danger to fall into a worse. My cross husband is brother to the steward of Raven-hill Castle, and is just set off to give notice that you are here : make haste and begone." She left him, and Henry hastily throwing on his clothes, was down stairs in an instant

after her. He would have pressed some money upon her, but she steadily refused, and bade him keep it to help him on his way, for that would be a friend when none other was near. She directed him a bye road across a moor to the next town. Henry blest and thanked her, and turning into the fields according to the good woman's direction, pursued his way for some miles without impediment or molestation. The evening was now closing in ; it was gloomy, and the wind swept in long and chilling blasts over the heads of the shrubs that were thinly scattered on the moor upon which he had entered. So many paths now presented themselves that he stood perplexed and irresolute which to pursue. Providence, thought Henry, must be my guide. He struck into a track, along which was visible the impression of waggon wheels, and followed it, till at last it led him to a low white gate, a few yards beyond which stood a neat thatched cottage. Henry quickened his pace, and seeing a

decent looking woman, resolved to pass the night there if she could accommodate him. She told him that herself and son inhabited the cottage, that he was gone on particular business ever since before day to the steward at Raven-hill Castle, and that she was looking for him home every minute.

At the mention of Raven-hill Castle Henry determined on proceeding: he feared to trust himself again in the power of persons who were in any way connected with that place. He started up, and inquiring the road to the nearest town, hastily departed, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour and the darkness of the night, dreading to encounter the young man on his return from the castle, lest, having heard his person described, he should know and be influenced to detain him.

Fatigued and unwell, in the agitation of his mind he pursued his way to the right instead of the left, which the good woman had directed, and before he had proceeded a mile his foot struck against

something: he lost his equilibrium, and fell into a deep pit: here he lay stunned and motionless for some time; at length recovering his recollection he endeavored to rise. He had received a violent contusion on his head, and both his ankles were sprained: he was unable to stand, his only alternative therefore was to wait till some charitable person should pass by, of whom he could implore assistance to leave the pit, which was deep and large. He now felicitated himself on still possessing his watch and his purse, as he feared he should be some time before he could reach his friends.

The appearance of the farmer at the castle with the intelligence of Henry's escape filled the steward with the utmost consternation: they flew to the matted chamber, and finding the window forced out, understood at once how he had liberated himself; but the door of the recess being closed, they were quite at a loss to comprehend how he had reached the window: a ladder being brought,

their astonishment was increased as they viewed the outside, nor was it unmixed with shuddering sensations of terror, while they gazed on the narrow jutment, and loose hanging stones, over which he had pursued his desperate course.

“Thank Heaven he is safe however,” said the steward. “Aye,” replied the farmer, “he is safe enough sure, taking a comfortable nap I warrant in dame’s best bed—and rest he must want for certain after his toilsome journey. I would not take all my lady dutchess’s money to scramble over those places as he did last night; why, man, if his foot had slipped, or one of these stones had given way, souse he would have fell into the sea, and I would not have given a broken horse shoe for his life; but what,” continued he, “does my lady dutchess want of him, brother?” “Want of him!” replied the steward, “why she wants to marry him.” “O Lord! is that all,” said the astonished farmer. “Ecod! I wish my dame was under ground, and she would marry me;

we would not have any prisonments, or escapes out at windows about that affair."

"You!" said the steward, laughing, "no, no, you are not young enough for her purpose. But come, I expect her hourly; let us begone, and bring back the runaway. Mercy upon me! should he not be forthcoming when she arrives, I would almost as soon be steward of the lower regions as governor of Raven-hill Castle."

The brothers were not long reaching the farm, where finding Henry had departed, they flew into the most violent rage, venting execrations in abundance upon the good woman, who in vain asserted that she was not able to detain him.

Emissaries were immediately dispatched in different directions, and large rewards promised to the neighboring peasantry who would undertake to secure and deliver him safe at Raven-hill Castle. Henry had passed the night in extreme pain; his limbs were stiff and cold, and

before the dawning of day his corporeal agonies, joined to his mental suffering, had brought on a fever, and he lay on the damp flinty bottom of the pit, unconscious of the wretchedness of his situation.

It was a stone quarry into which he had been precipitated. Early in the morning a man came to his labor, and seeing Henry lying at the bottom of the pit, called out to him, "Halloo, master ! you have picked out a rough sort of a bed for yourself there."

Henry opened his eyes, but unable to utter a word, closed them again. The man got down into the pit, and seeing his face bruised and covered with blood, compassionately tried to raise him up. He found he was unable to lift him out of the pit, and he ran home to his cottage at a short distance to call his wife and daughter.

They brought a rug, and with much difficulty raised the unconscious Henry from the pit, and carrying him between them, humanely laid him upon a bed.—

The man bid the woman take care of the poor young fellow, and went to his work.

They washed the blood from his face and hands, but finding he was much bruised, and his legs dreadfully swelled, they were quite at a loss to know what to do for him.

In this exigence the daughter (a pretty looking young girl) ran off to a neighboring public-house, where she told a lamentable story that a young gentleman had been robbed and almost murdered by some villains, who had thrown him into the quarry, and that her father had found him there almost lifeless, bruised from head to foot, and covered with blood.

During this recital a man on horseback, who was drinking at the door with Mr. Muggins, the landlord, listened attentively and bidding the girl shew him the way, galloped after her to where Henry was raving of Lord Dungarvon, and struggling to escape from the friendly

woman, who was trying to hold him down, and soothing him with expressions of the utmost kindness.

The man had no sooner recognized the disfigured countenance of Henry, than he loaded the woman and her daughter with thanks, and putting a guinea into the mother's hand, bade her be careful of the young gentleman till his return, which would be as soon as he could procure a chaise. He rode off full gallop.

Mr. Muggins by this time had arrived at the cottage, and seeing the gold in the poor woman's hand, who was almost frantic with her good luck, busied himself in assisting to bathe Henry's bruises and his sprained ankles with warm vinegar. The woman cut-off part of his fine hair, which was clotted together with the blood that had streamed from the wound in his head.

"I am afraid the poor dear creature will die," said the woman.

"I hope not," said the daughter:

“only look at his fine white skin: it would be a thousand pities that such a handsome young man as he should die.”

“Handsome or not handsome,” said the landlord, “he must die when his time comes, as well as Hodge Nixon and I; and mayhap, though his skin may be finer than our’s, I question if the worms will relish him a bit better, or make a daintier meal upon him than us.”

“Don’t talk so wicked, Mr. Muggins,” replied the girl, “I am sure I should be main sorry if he was to die; it would be a pity for the worms to eat such a sweet young gentleman as him.”

The landlord was displeased, and casting a look of contempt upon her, said, “And what do you know about him pray, that you should be sorry?—what is it to you whether he lives or dies? You are plaguy concerned all about a stranger; it would be as well for you if you was to mind which side your bread is buttered on, and pay some notice to other folk, who mayhap are as good to

look on as him, though their skins are not so fine."

"You may as well be still, Mr. Muggins," answered the girl, "for I shall never like you, let your tongue wag as much as it will; and you ought to be ashamed, so you ought, to talk of this here fashion about dying and worms, when your own poor old wife have not been dead above a month. Poor soul! she can hardly be cold in her grave yet."

Mr. Muggins laughed till his fat sides shook. "I am willing," said he, "to let you take her place in the bar, and make you landlady of the Rising Sun; and as to the worms, they may feast on her as long as they like, though they will have but a sorry meal, for she had fretted all her flesh away, and left them nothing but bare bones to pick. But I suppose Will, the miller's man, is more to your liking."

"Mayhap he is," replied the girl, "and mayhap he is not; but whether

he is or not, you might have found some other time to talk about such things, seeing the poor young man here in such torment."

"No time like the time present," said the landlord; "and as for Will, let him have a care of himself; it is odds but I get him sent aboard one of our frigates: it will better become him to be fighting the French than to be skulking here after the wenches."

During this altercation a chaise stopped at the door, and the same person who had been at the cottage before, attended by another, jumped out of it.

"Aye, confound his carcase," said the steward of Raven-hill Castle, as he looked upon Henry, "it is his unlucky phiz sure enough. A devilish pretty dance he has led us, but we have him now safe enough, and I think he won't escape from my clutches again in a hurry."

Mr. Muggins stood bowing and scraping, and explaining what he had done for the poor young gentleman: the

steward only answered the landlord's politeness with curse him.

"I wish he had been at the devil before I saw him. A fine shaking and jumbling I have had of it, driving here, and galloping after him there; but I will answer for it he don't give me the slip again." The woman hoped his honor would do the young gentleman no harm, as they feared he had not long to live. "'Then,'" said the steward, "he may die, and ——" "Oh, Lord! pray don't swear, sir, it is so wicked," said the young girl. The other man chuckled her under the chin, swore she was a pretty wench, and asked if she would go with them.

"Come, Frank," said the steward, "we shall hardly reach home before dark." Mr. Muggins hoped they would remember him for his trouble. The steward asked him how much vinegar he had used: he could not exactly say, perhaps a quart. "No, nor half-a-pint," replied the girl: "why should you wish to impose on the gentleman?" The steward

gave him a shilling. Mr. Muggins eyed it with contempt. "If I had known how I should be rewarded for my pains," said he, "I would have seen his skin stript off like an eel's, fine as it is, before he would have had my vinegar or my help, if I had known how I was to be paid."

All this time Henry was perfectly quiet, and suffered himself to be placed unresistingly in the chaise. The steward gave the girl half-a-crown. Frank struggled to kiss her, and told her she should soon see him again. "Don't trouble yourself," said the girl, "to come this way upon my account; I have no business with gentlemen that wear such fine clothes as you do; I get an honest living by my hard labor, and at present I am quite content and happy, but perhaps if I was to see you often, I should get proud and lazy, and wish for fine clothes too."

They sprang into a chaise, which drove off at a furious rate, while the landlord abused them for mean shabby scrubs,

and told the girl that he should give up all thoughts of making her Mrs. Muggins, for he would not give a toss up of a brass farthing for a landlady at the Rising Sun, who would make any bones about scoring double. In the mean time the dutchess's courier arrived at the castle with intelligence that his grace would be there next day. All was bustle and confusion: the apartments that had not seen sun or moon for years were thrown open to receive light and air, and the long deserted corridors echoed with the placing of furniture, and the steps of domestics passing backwards and forwards.

The motion of the carriage had roused Henry from his quiescent state: his fever had arisen to an alarming height, and the men, who travelled in fear of their lives from his outrageous conduct, and who with difficulty kept him in the carriage, rejoiced when they found themselves in the spacious court of Raven-hill Castle, and the gates closed upon them.

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Henry was immediately stripped and put to bed ; the house-keeper prepared a medicine, which was with much trouble forced down his throat, and she bathed his ancles and his bruises with an emollient of her own making.

The next day the dutchess arrived, palpitating with the ardent hope, the blissful idea, that Henry, tired of his confinement, would accede to her terms, and rather consent to become her husband than live a prisoner for life ; but what was her terror, her disappointment, to find him delirious ; her horror to hear him execrate Lord Dungarvon, and rave of her in terms of abhorrence and disgust. In her moments of compunction she had him removed to a sumptuous apartment, and sent off to the neighboring town for a physician : he came, and pronounced that the patient could not live twenty-four hours : he examined his head, and declared that his skull was fractured, and the brain injured, and if he were to survive, which

appeared utterly impossible, he would always be a lunatic.

The dutchess heard this account with the utmost dismay; her conscience had already a sufficient burthen to sustain, and she felt that the addition of his death, or his insanity, would be a weight too horrible for her nature, callous as it was, to support. Every moment her attendants were dispatched to his apartment, and when she was told of his unceasing ravings her sufferings more than equalled his, for his agonies were inflicted by the hand of Heaven, who sometimes sees it right to punish the innocent, while the wicked groan under the excruciating torments of remorse, more dreadful, because awakened conscience confesses to them the merited scourges of guilt.

CHAP. VII.

Honor pricks me on ;

But how, if honor prick me off when I come on,
How then ? Can honor set a leg ? No : Or an arm ?

No :

Or take away the grief of a wound ? No : Honor
hath no skill

In surgery then ? No : What is honor ? A word :
What is that word ?

Honor—Air ; a trim reckoning. Who hath it ? he
who died o' Wednesday.

Doth he feel it ? No. Doth he hear it ? No. Is it
insensible then ? yea, to the dead.

But will it not live with the living ? No. Why ?
Detraction will not suffer it ;

Therefore I'll none of it. Honor is a mere scut-
cheon."

SHAKESPEARE.

SIR OWEN LLEWELLYN had been indefatigable in his search after Henry. Lord

Narbeth and Horatio Delamere had in concert with him done all that wealth or interest could effect to find out the spot where he was immured; yet still he remained undiscovered, and his fate seemed involved in impenetrable mystery. Ardent is the cause of friendship: they had severally written to Lord Dungarvon on the subject, and had each received haughty replies, indicating that the young man had by his grovelling notions entirely convinced Lord Dungarvon that he was utterly unworthy his notice, and that he had in consequence abandoned him to the enjoyment of that mediocrity for which he seemed by nature, habit, and inclination fitted; that he wondered any person properly acquainted with the rank and consequence of Lord Dungarvon would venture to associate his character with that of a jailor, or presume to believe that he would convert any one of his mansions, consecrated by having once been the residence of an illustrious Mortimer, into a prison for the son of

Louisa Berresford. These answers, though they by no means convinced, obliged the friends of Henry to resign the hope of obtaining satisfaction from their application to him, and to rest their reliance of discovering him from the large rewards they continued to offer through the medium of the public papers. But as yet no clue had been obtained, and Henry and his sufferings remained concealed from the anxious inquiries of his lamenting friends.

At Tudor Hall things wore an equally unpleasant aspect. Sir Griffith deeply felt that he had sustained a loss in Seymour's society which he could not supply; and this want of a companion to join in his mad freaks and projects served to keep alive his resentment, even at the very moment he could not help secretly admiring, and doing justice to the brave spirit that had disappointed his hopes and wishes.

Through the means of Gwinthlean, Eliza had contrived to correspond with

her lover, whose letters breathed everlasting love, and inviolable constancy. At this period Lady Tudor's nephew, the son of an English merchant who from many years of successful commerce had accumulated an immensity of wealth, arrived at Tudor Hall. Mr. David Morgan, the heir to his father's extensive property, was a young man of Colossium stature, very plain face, and coarse manners. His father had wisely considered the time unprofitably wasted that was not employed in getting money, and at twenty-four years of age, David Morgan was ignorant of all rule, except the *rule of three* : he had seen but little beyond his father's counting-house in Milk-lane : but he felt all the consequence annexed to wealth, and was conceited and overbearing. The immense property to which he was to succeed gratified the pride of Lady Tudor, who found out perfections in his awkward person and illiterate mind undiscoverable to every other eye. She flattered her fancy with

the hope that Miss Tudor, separated for ever from Seymour, would be sensible to the merits of her cousin, and that by forming an alliance with him, there would be wealth enough united in the fortunes of Tudor and Morgan to purchase a principality.

Sir Griffith seldom adopted or entered into any scheme of his lady's but this : contrary to her most distant expectation, he warmly and eagerly promoted it ; he had bitterly sworn his daughter should never marry Seymour, against whom his anger still burnt fiercely, and he took every opportunity of recommending Mr. Morgan to Eliza's favor, not that he either liked or approved of him, but merely because he delighted in contradiction, and because he saw that her heart and thoughts dwelt on Seymour ; and he obstinately determined that she should never marry a man who had dared to avow an opinion and follow a course he had disapproved. The spirits of Eliza

were still animated ; she breathed many a fond regretful sigh in secret, and put up many a prayer for Seymour, but her fate wore no trace of sorrow, and she mimicked and ridiculed her ungraceful cousin with a vivacity that her recent disappointment had neither power to check nor diminish.

The heart of Mr. Morgan was not entirely insensible to the charms of beauty ; he had not overlooked the sprightly graces of his little wild cousin, whom he assailed with the refined rhetoric of city eloquence. He boasted of his riches, enumerated his expectations, repeated the names of the many ladies who were anxious to be noticed by him, related a long history of disputes that had taken place at the Crown and Anchor balls between Miss Alderman Congo and Miss Deputy Figgens, who had fallen into fits because he had taken out Miss Congo.

These narrations highly diverted Eliza ; and being by nature a coquette, she was

not displeased at having a new admirer, even though her eye disliked, and her judgment despised him.

Adeline Llewellyn, who had witnessed her flirtation, seriously remonstrated with her on the cruelty of raising hopes she had no intention of realizing, on the danger of entangling him in a hopeless passion, and hazarding the possibility of making him for ever miserable.

“Never fear, child,” replied Eliza. “I will venture to prophecy that Mr. David Morgan’s heart is not made of such penetrable stuff; no, no, he will never be miserable on account of any woman breathing; he feels his own importance too proudly, to suffer much from woman’s wiles, or the witcheries of love.”

Mr. David Morgan had been taught by his prudent father some good old adages, which had deeply impressed themselves not only on his memory, but on his judgment, and with the value of which he was perfectly acquainted: such as, “*Delays are dan-*

gerous ;” “ *Never put off till to-morrow what may be done to-day ;*” and several others of equal merit ; therefore, having received from his cousin what he considered sufficient encouragement, he ventured one morning to suggest, that as time was extremely precious, and his presence much wanting in his father’s business, he hoped that his worthy uncle, Sir Griffith, would take his situation into consideration, and have the great goodness, the extraordinary kindness, to influence Miss Tudor to name an early day for their wedding.

Sir Griffith shook him by the hand, and swore they should be married that day fortnight.

When Eliza was acquainted with her father’s determination, she unhesitatingly put a negative upon Mr. Morgan’s hopes, declaring that she considered six weeks (the period he had been at Tudor Hall) as far too short a time for her to decide upon his merits, or to determine whether he was the sort of man she should approve for a husband.

“ The sort of man ! ” replied Sir Griffith : “ confusion ! madam, have not you eyes to see that he is more than six feet high and that——”

“ Oh ! my dear sir,” rejoined Miss Tudor, “ the man is quite tall enough I confess ; but I am rather doubtful whether his understanding may be commensurate with his height ; and whether nature, in one of her frolicsome moods, may not, in extending his figure, have contracted his understanding.”

“ So much the better if she has, madam,” replied Sir Griffith, “ so much the better for you ; his want of understanding is all in your favor ; for I will be d——d if any man with an ounce of brains would ever think of troubling himself with such a little unmanageable vixen. What the devil can you find to object to ? His family on the female side is the same as your own ; he has plenty of money to keep pace with your extravagance ; and as to himself, he is a very good sort of a young man.”

“ Yes, sir,” said Eliza, “ I acknowledge that Mr. David Morgan is a very good sort of *good for nothing* kind of person. I thank you, sir, for your offer; but I will never be the wife of this good young man.”

“ Perhaps,” said Sir Griffith, “ you flatter yourself with the notion of marrying that hot-headed fellow, Seymour; but if ever you do, I will be——”

“ Pray don’t swear, sir,” interrupted Eliza; “ I should be very sorry to be the occasion of your breaking an oath; but I have pledged my word, you know, either to be his, or remain in ‘ single blessedness;’ and I have in the present instance neither inclination nor temptation to falsify my promise.”

“ Very fine! mighty well, madam!” roared Sir Griffith, “ we shall see which will gain the day, you or me. I must do you the credit though to allow that you are a very sweet, pretty, d——d, obedient——”

“ Obedient!” rejoined Eliza, “ no

one can question that. Did not you command me to love Captain Seymour, and did not I most dutifully obey you?"

"Now then, you perverse, little, d——d obstinate——but I will not suffer my temper to be ruffled—I will not get in a passion. Remember, and let me see a proof of your obedience and duty—I bid you hate and detest him."

"But this, sir," rejoined Eliza, "is so unnatural a command, so extremely unreasonable, that really I fear it will be impossible for me to obey. Besides, sir, you forget that I am of the race of Tudor, a people famous, if tradition may be relied upon, from generation to generation, for contradiction;—you would not have me disgrace my family, cast a blot on the fair fame of my honored mother, and bastardize myself?"

"Yes, and tradition might also have informed you, madam," replied Sir Griffith, foaming with passion, "that the males of the Tudor line never suffered

themselves, right or wrong, to yield a point to a female ; so prepare yourself, for you shall go to church this day fortnight with David Morgan ; or I will be d——d to all intents and purposes if I don't drag you there ; so prepare your lace, and your muslin, and your frippery, and gew-gaws ; get your frills, and your flounces, and furbelows ready."

" Yes, sir," said Eliza, curtesying obediently.

" Yes, sir !" said Sir Griffith, staring, " why, what the devil !—what do you mean?"

" I mean, sir," replied Eliza, " to avail myself of my aunt Rees's invitation to go to Monmouth for a short time, only till Mr. David Morgan shall have returned to his computations and calculations in his father's counting-house, and Sir Griffith Tudor to a recollection that there is a line of duty for parents to observe as well as children ; I will then cheerfully return to Tudor Hall, in the hope of seeing those days restored, when

Eliza was the darling of her father's heart—when he was her companion and friend, not her tyrant."

She was now quitting the room, but Sir Griffith caught her arm, and swinging her round, swore she did not get off so easily.—“ No journey to Monmouth ; no driving my horses here and there, and the devil knows where !” vociferated Sir Griffith ; “ no carrying complaints to that soft-headed, silly oaf, Lady Rees, who, if it was for no other reason in life than the pleasure of thwarting me, would aid and abet you in your wicked and unnatural rebellion against my authority ; but here comes David, and you had better behave yourself with decency, or a dark garret and bread and water—you understand me.”

Mr. David Morgan hoped he did not interrupt private business.

“ No, David, no,” said Sir Griffith, “ the business we was upon will soon be public enough : it was your marriage we were talking of.”

“ I hope,” said Mr. Morgan, “ my cousin has no objections.”

“ Indeed but I have though,” replied Eliza, “ and a great many. In the first place, matrimony is too serious a matter to be entered upon without mature deliberation.”

“ Very true, cousin,” said David.

“ And in the next place,” resumed Eliza, “ I think I am yet too young to marry.”

“ That’s a lie,” said Sir Griffith, “ a d——d barefaced lie : you have fancied yourself old enough ever since you entered your teens.”

“ And then,” continued Eliza, unheeding her father’s gross interruption, “ our turn of mind is so very different.”

“ That makes little odds,” said Mr. Morgan, “ we shall you know live in the city.”

“ In the city !” echoed Eliza, contemptuously.

“ Aye, cousin, in the city, to be certain,” rejoined David Morgan ; “ and you will find

plenty of wealthy and agreeable acquaintance to visit.—There is Alderman Sparable's family, Deputy Snakeroot, and Mr. Gammon, the common council man's lady and daughters, who were brought up at Chelsea boarding school, and can *parle vous* as if they had been born in France, besides Miss Figgins and Miss Congo, and a hundred others, all ladies of large property and expectations; while I am busy in the counting-house with the clerks in a morning, you will find them all ready to gossip with you."

"I really feel highly indebted to Mr. Morgan," replied Eliza, "for his having fixed upon me in preference to so many deserving females, among whom I have no doubt but he might have selected one, whose heart and sentiments, more in unison with his own, would have rendered her more sensible than I am of the honor he confers in the offer of his hand."

"Why as to the matter of that there, cousin," replied Mr. Morgan, "I could

certainly have found girls enough in the city, who would have jumped at the thought of being Mrs. Morgan, but my mother loves her own family better than any body else, and she wished that I should travel and see a bit of the world ; so according to her advice, I came all the way from London, over the wild mountains of Wales, to pay my addresses to you, a great many long miles, and a great expence too, cousin, only for that there purpose, and I should not like to be made a fool of, and laughed at for my pains and trouble."

"Certainly not, David, certainly not," rejoined Sir Griffith ; "no man likes to be made a fool of ; and I shall take care that nothing of this nature happens to you, my boy."

"To prove to you," said Eliza, "that I have no intention of this sort, I beg leave to observe, that if your visiting Wales had a marriage with me for its object, you have no one but yourself to thank for having come upon a fool's er-

rand. I, whose opinion was of most consequence in the affair, was never consulted, nor till now my opinion asked upon the occasion; if I had, I should at once have put a negative upon the business."

"Why look you, cousin," replied David, "you might, being sharp enough at most things, have guessed my meaning. Have not I attended you here and there and every where; and have not you accepted my services; and have not I, for all you talk in this here odd way, always made myself agreeable to you?"

"Not exactly," replied Eliza, "though I am willing to admit the goodness of your intention. Depend upon it, Mr. Morgan, I am not calculated for a wife for you; our manners, our habits, our educations have been so very different."

"Very true, cousin," replied Morgan, "the hours that you have slept away in bed of a morning I have employed in getting money; and as for your classic

and outlandish French and Greek books, I don't pretend to understand any such gibberish ; but for book-keeping after the Italian manner, and Bonicastle, I believe I am as well acquainted with them as most folks."

He said this with a tone of such proud exultation, and an air of such importance, that Eliza burst into a loud fit of laughter, which entirely disconcerted Mr. Morgan, and threw Sir Griffith into a fresh rage, who swore that if he were to have a hundred more daughters, not one of them should ever learn to read or write ; for that all the good books had done for Eliza was to turn her brain, pervert her principles, and make her refractory and disobedient. He then insisted that she should treat her cousin with more respect.

" Undoubtedly," replied Eliza, " I shall ever respect Mr. Morgan as a man of figures, with this special observance, that he makes a trifling mistake in his

arithmetic if he reckons upon having me for a wife. Cousin, cast up your account; you will find the sum total of your journey into Wales comes exactly to disappointment. As my mother's nephew, I am ready to shew you every proper attention; but if I were to consent to take you 'for better for worse,' we should then be 'a little more than kin, and much less than kind;' so, my dainty Davy, keeping separate accounts will I am certain be found most profitable to us both."

Sir Griffith shook with rage. "You shall be his wife!" roared he, in a voice of thunder. David turned pale, and jumped from one side of the room to the other—"you shall be his wife this day fortnight, or I will turn you out of doors, and you may go and carry the knapsack after that fellow Seymour, who with his red coat has bewitched you to forget your duty. You will cut a d——d smart figure upon a baggage-waggon, or tramping on a broiling hot day along a dusty road, after a drum."

“ You seem to forget, sir,” replied Eliza, “ that it was your own approbation that sanctioned my regard for Capt. Seymour, and that you once encouraged the pretensions and thought highly of the man of whom you are now pleased to speak so degradingly. My mind, however, admits of no alteration ; he has my perfect and unchangeable regard ; my word is pledged to him, and whatever may be my future destiny, rich or poor, I will be his, or the wife of no man breathing.”

Eliza appeared agitated. Mr. Morgan approached, and attempted to take her hand, which she drew back.

“ Sure, cousin, you can’t be in earnest in that there speech—you don’t mean that I should take it for true.”

“ As the gospel,” replied Eliza ; “ and knowing my engagement and the state of my heart, if you, Mr. Morgan, had either delicacy, honor, or humanity, you would at once decline a suit that you see occasions so much uneasiness.”

But Eliza knew not that she was appealing to the feelings of a man who was at that very instant computing the expences of his journey into Wales, and the possible extent of his losses in being so long absent from his desk in Milk-lane; and resolving to call Sir Griffith Tudor's wealth his, if it was by any means to be obtained.

Sir Griffith, however, spared her the trouble of a reply, by telling her she might as well reserve her speeches, for it was his determination to marry her to David Morgan. "Your hero," said he, "is fighting up to his knees in the trenches of Holland, all for renown; you are parrying, battleing, and skirmishing with your father, mother, and David here, all for love; now, my little obstinate, we shall see which understands manœuvering best; we will try which can carry on the war most successfully. D—n you, David," said he, striking him a blow on the back that made him reel again, "let multiplication and addition alone

for the present, and I warrant we have the victory."

Eliza, finding she could not quit the room, sat down by the window, took up a book, and would have read, but Sir Griffith snatched the volume from her hand, and throwing it to the other end of the room, told her with all her learning she was d——d ignorant, and knew but little of good-breeding, to attempt reading in company.

Mr. Morgan drew a chair to the window, and assured her when she was his wife she should be as happy as the day was long, that she should entirely command the servants and manage the children as she liked, and go where she pleased, and wear what she chose.

"Indeed," said Eliza, "you are wonderfully condescending."

"Yes, indeed, cousin, I am quite in earnest, I assure you, for I shall never attempt to concern with or meddle about them there matters."

"Then," replied Sir Griffith, "you

will act like a d——d ass, David; giving women their way too much ruius them. What the devil and all his imps, suffer women to rule ! I never allow any person to pretend to govern in my family, except myself, and you see—”

“ Yes, sir,” said David, “ I see.”

“ What the devil do you see ?” said Sir Griffith, pettishly.

“ Only how well you govern the family, Sir Griffith,” replied Mr. Morgan, rather confusedly.

“ What,” replied Sir Griffith, sneeringly, “ I suppose you think that I shall suffer that little minx, that bit of perverseness, that epitome of all her sex’s obstinacy, to get the better of me ?—No, no, David, she may contradict, she may refuse, she may thwart, but she shall yield, she must obey at last. All her spirit is gasconade, mere flash in the pan ; for, d——n me, if I don’t make her thankful to submit, or say I am not the son of Griffith Glendower Tudor.”

“ And if ever I do submit to be the wife of David Morgan,” said Eliza, springing out of the window, “ say my sex have lost all their spirit, and that I am not the daughter of Griffith Tudor.”

Mr. Morgan started from his seat in amazement.

Sir Griffith burst into a loud laugh.—“ Look at her, David,” said he; “ is not she a beautiful little jade?—she runs like a deer: d—n me, there is not such another horse-woman in all Wales; leaps a gate or clears a hedge with as much ease as she did this window. Can any of your pale-faced city girls do as much?”

“ Why no, Sir Griffith, I can’t say I ever heard of their being over expert at them there kind of matters; but then they can dance nicely,” said Mr. Morgan.

“ Dance, David!” replied Sir Griffith, “ shew me one of them that will follow a fiddle with my girl; why she foots it like a fairy; and then for spirit—Oh! d—n it, she’s a Tudor every inch of her!”

“ Yes, Sir Griffith, she a good deal resembles you,” replied the young man, who thought a great portion of her spirit might very well have been dispensed with, and whose mind would by no means have reconciled itself to her electricity, but from the hope of enjoying the large estates to which he knew she was the indisputable heiress.

“ Yes, yes,” said the delighted Sir Griffith, “ every body allows that she has my features, my temper, my spirit ; not an atom of her mother’s weak nerves, die-away airs, and fanciful vagaries.—D—n me, she’s a wife for an emperor. When you get her, David, you will be the envy of all the city bucks.”

“ Nay for that matter, Sir Griffith,” rejoined Mr. Morgan, “ my cousin will be as much envied for having of me. I could have had Miss Figgins, or Miss Congo, both of them large fortunes, and were monstrously in love with me, but I preferred doing the will of my mother, who desired me not to mind them there

girls, but to go into Wales, and court my cousin Eliza, and indeed, Sir Griffith, I had a tedious journey of it, jolting over hills and mountains; and now I shall be laughed at in the city, by all my acquaintance, if I go back as I came, without a wife."

"Cheer up, David," replied Sir Griffith, "you shall have her—have not I said it, and let me see who will offer to dispute my authority when I choose to exert it, you shall see she will come to as meek and gentle as a lamb."

Several days past in which Lady Tudor urged, Mr. Morgan courted, Sir Griffith swore, and Eliza remained inexorable, when being assembled in the library, in the midst of one of these altercations a letter was delivered to Mr. Morgan, which having read he turned as pale as ashes, and presented it to Sir Griffith, who no sooner glanced over it, than he turned to Eliza, his eyes flashing fire. "Here is a d——d pretty kettle of fish," said he. "So, madam, you have

contrived to let Seymour's Scotch clan know all that passes at Tudor Hall," "Not I, indeed sir," replied she, "and for the best of all possible reasons, I knew they were at too great a distance to render me any service."

"Then how the devil, you little witch, should his cousin know any thing of David Morgan?" Sir Griffith then read aloud.

"Mr. Lionel Seymour, first cousin to Captain Seymour, of the sixteenth regiment of Scotch Greys, expects that Mr. David Morgan will meet him on Rhudlan Downs this evening at seven o'clock, in order to give him satisfaction on the part of Captain Seymour, now absent on duty, for having made pretensions to Miss Tudor his affianced bride. Lionel Seymour leaves to Mr. Morgan the choice of weapons, but shall expect him with his second at the appointed place and hour, or will not fail to fix the epithet coward to his character publicly and privately."

Sir Griffith rang the bell. "Who the devil brought this letter?" The servant replied, "A countryman, who said it required no answer." "What is to be done, sir?" inquired the trembling Morgan—"Done!" replied Sir Griffith, "why, you must meet and fight him, to be sure. Why d—n it, David, you are as white as Eliza's petticoat—you can draw a trigger can't you?"

"Indeed, sir, I know very little about pistols; I have never been used to meddle much with them there sort of articles," said Mr. Morgan. "But you can fire a pistol, David: I saw you take aim at a robin the other day." "Yes, Sir Griffith, yes, but shooting a bird and a man is quite and clean another guess sort of a thing; and then this here letter says I must bring a second: where can I find a man to go with me upon such a bloody business, I that am quite a stranger to every body in these here parts?"

"I shall be your second, David," said

Sir Griffith, “and if Mr. Lionel Seymour kills you, I will be d——d if I don’t shoot him through the head : let that content you, David.”

“No, Sir Griffith, no, that will not content me, I did not come here with the wicked intention of duelling ; besides I am but a very bad shot ; and what will my poor mother say, and what will my father do without me, if I should be killed ?” Eliza, starting up, clasped her hands in agony, and laying hold of David, who shook like a leaf, entreated him not to think of exposing his life ; that the Seymours were all famous marksmen, and that she should never forgive herself if she was the occasion of his death.

“He shall fight though,” said Sir Griffith, “for all your snivelling. D—n me, if a person that pretends to the honor of belonging to my family shall sneak from the smell of gunpowder ; I have a most excellent pair of pistols, so prepare yourself, David.”

Eliza knelt, prayed, and entreated, but the more she opposed, the more determined and vehement Sir Griffith grew. In a few seconds the house was in an uproar, the servants informed Lady Tudor, who shrieked, fainted, and loudly insisted that Sir Owen Llewellyn should be applied to as a magistrate, to apprehend the blood-thirsty delinquent, who was defying the laws of his country, and planning to take away the life of her nephew.

Sir Owen Llewellyn was gone some miles across the country to visit a friend; the next magistrate was from home also, and Sir Griffith swore, and loaded his pistols, which he gave in charge to his groom, while Lady Tudor screamed in hysterics, and poor David Morgan, white as a sheet, stood silently looking on, the very statue of despair. Sir Griffith ordered Lady Tudor to be conveyed to her apartment, and swearing a terrible oath, told the almost lifeless David Morgan that if he were afraid to meet his challenger, he might go and be d——d, for

a sneaking cowardly chicken-hearted puppy ; for since Seymour's relation had shewn so much spirit, and thought his girl worth hazarding his life for, the conqueror should have her." " As to that, Sir Griffith," replied the gasping Morgan, " perhaps I may have as much courage as another man, though to be sure, as to swords and guns, and fire-arms, and them there sort of things, I have never taken any particular account of them, because I had no notion that a peaceable disposed man like me would have occasion for their use : was the matter to be decided by fair boxing, it would not be of so much consequence : supposing as how one did come off second best, a black eye may come to its color again, but the taking away a man's life who does not want to die, who has got plenty of money, and the good things of this life to enjoy, it is quite as one may say another sort of affair ; it is not a bit better than downright murder : seeing you are not able to give back life

when you have once taken it away, and seeing——”

“ D—n me, but I see you are a devilish coward, David, with all your eloquence,” said Sir Griffith: “ one need not be much of a conjurer to see that—but mark my words, David Morgan, you may be Lady Tudor’s nephew, and the son of an opulent merchant for any thing I know to the contrary, but if you don’t meet and exchange shot with this Seymour, like a man, I will be d——d, and my horse too, if ever you are Sir Griffith Tudor’s son-in-law. So you may as well make up your mind at once, either to use the pistols with spirit, or trot over the mountains back to England as fast as you can: but if I am not mistaken in my man, trot where you will, this mettlesomespark will overtake you, even if you should seek shelter under the desk in Milk-lane.”

In vain Eliza entreated. Sir Griffith became at last so frantic with passion, that she was obliged to give up the point,

and retire to her apartment, there to wait with what patience she could assume the termination of an event that had put the whole house into confusion, and spread dismay and consternation among all its members, Sir Griffith excepted.

At the appointed hour, Sir Griffith Tudor led, or more properly speaking, dragged Mr. David Morgan to Rhudlan Downs, the field of action, where they were met by the two young gentlemen, the one so very small, that he did not appear taller than a boy of twelve years old. The elder of the two introduced him as Mr. Lionel Seymour. At the sight of this pigmy antagonist, David Morgan's courage revived for a moment—in stature himself a Goliath, and his opponent a David ; but when he beheld the pistols in his hand, and recollected what he had heard of the unerring skill of the Seymour's in shooting at a mark, he was seized with an ague fit ; his teeth chattered in his head, and his

knees actually knocked against each other.

“ Why, hey day ! what the devil,” said Sir Griffith, “ are you the Lionel Seymour that sent the challenge ? ”

“ Aye, gude troth am I,” replied the young gentleman in a broad Scotch accent, “ what din ye ken in that, mon ? ”

“ Why, d—n it, young gentleman,” said Sir Griffith, “ because you appear a mere child.”

“ Cheeld as I am,” rejoined the little fellow tartly, “ I have winged and prostrated as tall men as Mr. Morgan in my day ; but time gangs awa while we are prating : I am eager for vengeance upon the mon who has usurped the rights of my cousin, Captain Seymour.”

David Morgan, turning pale, stammered out, that he should think it a pity to hurt the young gentleman.

“ Fire and fury, sir ! ” replied Mr. Lionel Seymour, “ do you mean to insult me ?—Pity yourself, and if you have any

thing on your mind that in the hurry of this affair you may have forgot, be brief, and communicate it to your friend. Commend yourself to heaven—I never yet missed my mark; and your blood must atone for your presumption in addressing Miss Tudor, and presuming to rival a Seymour.”

David Morgan in agony unutterable saw the ground measured; they then drew lots for the first fire; the chance was in favor of Mr. Lionel Seymour; he drew the fatal trigger, and Mr. Morgan fell to the earth.

At that instant Sir Owen Llewellyn appeared, with several of his own and Sir Griffith's servants, whom he directed to take Mr. Lionel Seymour and his second into custody, notwithstanding the loud oaths and remonstrances of Sir Griffith Tudor, who swore it was d——d hard he should not be allowed to keep his word with poor David, and shoot Mr. Lionel Seymour through the head, which

he had faithfully promised he would do, in case Mr. Morgan fell.

As Tudor Hall was nearer than Dolegelly Castle, the two young gentlemen were guarded there, while the rest of the servants took charge of the body of the unfortunate David Morgan. They laid him pale and lifeless on a couch, his waistcoat and hands crimsoned with blood, supposed from a wound in his side. A neighboring surgeon was called in; the body was stripped and examined, and he declared that the ball had penetrated nowhere, and that Mr. Morgan was terribly wounded with fear only; and that losing a little blood in reality, with the comfortable aid of a warm bed and a basin of white wine whey, would effectually remove all the ill consequences that might be expected to ensue from the shock his spirits had undergone.

CHAP. VIII.

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“ As for a woman’s scorn, good lack ! I shall
Survive it : only fools and madmen die
For love. When I consider my own proper
Person, I shall get over this, no fear.
I may be a coward as you say, for
I have no appetite for fighting ; and
If ladies’ favors are only to be won
By turning soldier, I shall no doubt
Remain a bachelor.”

—

At this declaration of the surgeon’s it is difficult to say whether contempt, disappointment, or surprise was the predominant sentiment in the breast of Sir Griffith Tudor, and he stood almost without motion, while the crimson stains were washed from the hands and face of Mr. Morgan, who began to give signs of existence, and in a short time was suffi-

ciently recovered to thank heaven that he was in the land of the living.

Sir Griffith, recovering also from his astonishment, laughed, whistled, and swore alternately, as he examined the pistols, which he found had been filled with blood and a few pease. He vowed vengeance upon the author of this trick ; while Lady Tudor, having just got the better of an hysteric, told him he ought to thank heaven that it was a trick, and that murder had not in reality been committed ; though she should not wonder if the continued alarms she was put into was to be the death of her at last.

“ No, I will be d——d if any thing of the kind kills you,” replied Sir Griffith ; “ you are as tough as old iron for all your weak nerves ; no such luck for me ; more is the pity. But,” said he, turning to the pale, woe-begone, terrified David Morgan, “ you may make your congee as soon as it is agreeable : you may return to your counting-house in Milk-lane as soon as you please, for Eliza

shall never contaminate the noble blood of the Tudors by mixing it with that of a pitiful coward, who fell at the mere report of a pistol, and fainted at the very thought of being wounded."

Saying this, he left Lady Tudor to compose her spirits, apply restoratives, and console her nephew, while he in prodigious fury sallied to the apartment of his daughter, whom he strongly suspected of being at the bottom of this adventure, if not the absolute plotter and contriver of David Morgan's disgrace.—Eliza was no where to be found ; she had not been seen since she quitted the library previous to the gentlemen going out.—Supposing she had set off to Dolegelly Castle, Sir Griffith was on the point of dispatching a messenger to order her home, when Sir Owen Llewellyn requested the favor of his presence at the examination of the young offenders in custody.

He turned hastily into the room, and addressing Mr. Lionel Seymour, said,

“ Well, my young spark, you have put a d——d pretty trick upon us.”

“ I dinna ken your meaning, sir,” replied the young gentleman.

“ But do you ken,” said Sir Griffith, “ that you have assaulted Mr. Morgan on the king’s highway ?”

“ Hoot awa, mon ; nay, I ha din na sic thing ; Rhudlan Downs I understand is your property, not the king’s.”

“ Here is equivocation with a vengeance,” said Sir Griffith ; “ but far as you come north, you are not keen enough.— Do you ken that though you have not committed absolute murder, you have put him in bodily fear, which deserves the punishment you shall most certainly receive. I have ordered a bunch of nettles, and intend with my own hand bestowing the correction you merit.”

Sir Owen Llewellyn laughed.

The little fellow cocked his hat, and strutting up to Sir Griffith, replied, “ You munna think to frighten me with moonsbine ; you would as soon cram your

hand into the fire as use it after the way you have mentioned. You diinna ken what you speer about, mon. — You would not dare to put your threats in execution.”

“ And how the devil did you dare, you young villain, to put such a trick upon us? A d——d pretty joke it will be all over the country! But, pooh! what need I mention Wales? the jest will soon travel to England; it will reach London I warrant before David Morgan: the cowardly scoundrel will be sneered at in his counting-house by his own clerks, and laughed at upon 'Change—and what the devil and all his imps, you little mischievous rascal, you worse than all the plagues of Egypt, can you say in your own defence?”

Not a word was uttered by the young culprit, whom Sir Griffith continued to interrogate with a string of questions which he did not give him time to answer: at last, having raved himself out of breath, he concluded with—“ Who

set you upon this cursed plot?—Where did you spring from?”

The offender turned away and laughed heartily, which irritating the already frantic Sir Griffith, he insisted that Sir Owen Llewellyn should make out his mittimus, and commit him and his companion to prison, till they should by repentance be brought to render not only a proper account of themselves, but also of their abettors and employers.

“ Well, Sir Griffith, for your satisfaction, that shall be done immediately: my own heart was my abettor, my own invention my only employer.”

“ Hell and the devil!..... Hey! how! what!” said Sir Griffith, as the well known voice of his daughter struck on his ear. “ Why, you little d——d hareum scareum mad devil, Eliza! Sure this is not one of your frolics?”—“ Yes, indeed, but it is, papa,” replied Eliza; “ all stratagems you know are fair in love and war: you said we would try which could manœuvre best, and I hope you

will allow me some credit for my generalship."

Sir Griffith looked bewildered : he stood for some minutes in absolute astonishment.—“ D—d odd I should be so taken in ! Strange I should not know the little devil !” He turned her round and round to convince himself it was really her ; while she bowed, and in the broad Scotch accent said, “ Dinna you ken me, mon, when there is na sic a lassie in aw Wales ?”

“ No,” said Sir Griffith, having satisfied himself as to her identity, “ nor in all the world ; I will be d....d, and my horse too, if there is. But pray, madam, or sir, have the politeness to introduce me to your companion.”

“ Oh ! my companion,” rejoined Eliza, “ is the sister of my waiting gentlewoman, Jenny Jones, who being out of place, has been some time at Tudor Hall.”

“ Her time is out then,” replied Sir Griffith : “ but though I must do you

the justice to say you have topped your parts to a miracle, not an hour longer does she remain under the roof of Tudor Hall. Troop, you d——d hussy, quit the house this instant, and at your peril let me ever see your ugly phiz within my doors again. 'This is 'eat my mutton, drink my wine, and then poke my eye out.' I will entertain no plotters, no schemers, no contrivers."

"Nay," said Eliza, "I beg I may not be deprived of the merit of the plot and contrivance, which was all my own. I assure you, sir, poor Jenny by my persuasions was only an humble assistant, instructed by me; and really, papa, I think you ought to rejoice that the denoûment, without being tragical, has discovered the real character of the courageous David Morgan."

Sir Griffith's rage against Jenny was so extreme, that she was thankful when she was pushed out of the room from him, so much had his frantic gestures terrified her; and she gladly set off, at-

tired as she was, to Dolegelly Castle (at the instigation of Sir Owen Llewellyn), to avoid his fury, which now rose to an ungovernable pitch.

As he swore to Eliza that she should never again quit her apartment till she left it to go to church with her cousin David, who, sneaking, cowardly scoundrel as he was, should yet marry her if he would, and when she was his wife, he would be a d——d fool if he did not pay her off for all her tricks. Sir Owen Llewellyn interfered, and kindly entreated, seeing the confusion of the family, that Eliza might be permitted to spend a few days with her friend Adeline; but this Sir Griffith peremptorily refused, swearing she should remain in strict confinement till the day of her marriage with David Morgan.”

“ Say then,” replied Eliza, “ that I shall remain in confinement to the day of my death; for never, no, never, will I become the wife of that dastardly ani-

mal. What ! sacrifice myself to ignorance and cowardice—give up the brave generous Seymour for that creature ! no, never ; I am content to suffer every hardship first.”

“ And if I don’t make you suffer may I be d——d !” said Sir Griffith ; “ and to prevent any more of your devilish plots and cursed schemes, I shall take the liberty of escorting you to your chamber. Come, Mr. Lionel Seymour, I shall see if I can’t turn the key upon you, my little volatile spark. I shall endeavor by confining you to put an end to your gambols and vagaries, before you do any more mischief : as it is, you have almost killed dainty Davy, and brought on all your mother’s confounded string of hysterics, spasmodic affections, and the devil himself knows what besides.”

Saying this, he caught her up in his arms, and in spite of her struggles, carried her into her chamber, and throwing her upon the bed, told her she might

now compose herself, as no doubt the fatigues she had undergone would render rest necessary.

With this he locked the door upon her; adding, she might, if she could not sleep, set her wits to work, and get out of confinement if she could.

Sir Owen Llewellyn reasoned with his friend on the rashness of his behavior, and would have been a mediator for Eliza; but Sir Griffith, alive only to rage and resentment, persisted in the determination of keeping her under lock and key, till she was sensible of the folly of contradicting and opposing his wishes.

Eliza had wrote to Sir Owen Llewellyn an account of her project, and requested his attendance; but having mentioned a later hour for the meeting on Rhudlan Downs than she designed it should take place (as she feared he would prevent her scheme), he did not arrive till after the rencontre, too late to prevent the cow-

ardice of Morgan being exposed, or herself from experiencing the unpleasant consequences of her father's anger.

The next day Mr. Morgan, being partly recovered from the terrors of dissolution, and encouraged by the presence of Lady Tudor, who thought him extremely ill-treated, appeared at the dinner table, where Sir Griffith, having cooled a little, began to consider how unpleasant a circumstance it would be to embroil himself with his wife's family, behaved to him as if nothing had happened, and resolved if he refused Eliza, (which he heartily wished he might) that it should be his own act and deed.

After the bottle had pretty freely circulated between them, Sir Griffith endeavored to set Eliza's frolic in the most favorable light. "Eliza's frolic," said Lady Tudor, drawing herself up.

"Aye, d——n it, my lady," continued Sir Griffith, "did not I tell you before that it was Eliza who per-

sonated Lionel Seymour ; and a devilish smart little fellow she looked, did not she, David ?”

“ As to the matter of that, Sir Griffith,” replied Mr. Morgan, “ I know very little about her smartness, seeing as how it was not light enough to distinguish ; but I think Miss Tudor might have had more discretion than to act in that there out of the way fashion for a young lady.”

“ Well, well, David, say no more upon the subject,” rejoined Sir Griffith, “ Eliza is frolicsome, but she means no harm. D....n it, man, don’t be sulky, but forget and forgive.”

“ As to forget and forgive,” said Mr. Morgan, “ that is clear another sort of matter, Sir Griffith, and much easier talked about than done, seeing as how I can never forget that I have been monstrously ill used, and I don’t see how I can forgive such an affront as this here is.”

“ Pshaw, David, this is all idle talk ; d....n it, when you are married——”

“ Hold there a bit, Sir Griffith ; I have no great appetite left for marrying. Miss Tudor is far too wild for me, who wants a prudent careful quiet wife. Lord help us ! the city, big as it is, would not be wide enough for her to cut capers in ; so she had better stay here among the mountains, where she will have range enough for them there frolics, and I shall go back to London with a little more wit instead of a wife, that is all, Sir Griffith.”

Lady Tudor was incensed beyond measure when she was given to understand that it was Eliza who had committed such a bold indelicate action, as to put on male habiliments, an outrage against female modesty, which she protested she would never overlook nor pardon, more especially as it was certainly done with the abominable intention of putting an affront upon a member of her family, who was by no means to be despised or condemned for the weakness of his nerves, an affliction unfortunately hereditary in

their family, as she unhappily was obliged to experience daily and hourly ; nor did she know that courage was a quality so very requisite to gentlemen who were not designed for soldiers or sailors.

To this speech Sir Griffith replied with a sneer : “ Heaven help Great Britain—she would be in a woeful way indeed if her armies and navies were composed of men with nerves like David Morgan’s ; but however, Eliza’s nerves are like her father’s, pretty well braced ; and d—n it, David, you are not serious sure in giving her up—a girl of her spirit.”

“ There it is, Sir Griffith ; she has far too much spirit for me,” said Mr. Morgan. “ I protest I have lost all inclination for matrimony, and will remain a few years longer a bachelor ; and if ever I should enter the pale of wedlock, it shall be with a partner who makes no pretensions to that there spirit which you like so much, but which I must make so free as to say I think very ugly and disagreeable.”

Sir Griffith’s temper now took a differ-

ent turn; and, notwithstanding what had happened, he considered himself affronted by Mr. Morgan's rejection of his daughter; and on Lady Tudor's saying she deserved to be confined for a month for her conduct, he flew instantly to her apartment, and led her to the parlor, in the hope that she would by fresh tricks and new mischief contrive to plague and mortify David, whom he now held in sovereign contempt: but Eliza had gained her end; she had broke off the intended alliance, and she suffered him to recover his spirits without attempting to conciliate his favor, or provoke him with further contrivances.

David Morgan pretended to be reconciled to his cousin, but his heart never cordially forgave her: he affected to treat her with neglect; and, in order as he supposed to mortify her, he attached himself to Miss Llewellyn, to whom on all occasions he paid all possible court; and, notwithstanding his recent declaration of remaining a bachelor, he soon

after made her an offer of his heart and hand.

Adeline saw the motive, and felt all its indelicacy, but she pitied the ignorance of the man, and contented herself with rejecting his proposals, without betraying her contempt for his character.

Eliza was reinstated in her father's favor, but Lady Tudor maintained a haughty reserve: her darling scheme of blending the family fortunes had been frustrated, and she chose to keep up a resentment against her daughter, which, while it hurt the feelings of Eliza, who tenderly loved her mother, contributed to add to her detestation of David Morgan, who seeing all his matrimonial projects fail, departed from Tudor Hall in high dudgeon, declaring that if he had only supposed that he should have met such treatment in that there place, he would as soon have taken a journey to Jericho as to Tudor Hall—and as for marrying Eliza, he would every bit as soon tie himself to an outlandish creature

from foreign parts; for she was wilder by half than the goats on her own mountains, and had more tricks than any monkey he had ever seen at Exeter Change, where they had exhibited them there mischievous beasts.

Eliza rejoiced from the very bottom of her heart when he was gone, for she dreaded lest some sudden whim, or new contradiction, might re-instate him in her father's good graces, and again expose her to his addresses.

Lady Tudor lamented the departure of her nephew, and expatiating on the ill-treatment he had received in Wales, reproached Eliza for her conduct to him, which she assured her would not fail to be represented in England, where his relations would not forget to resent the affront she had put upon her cousin David, with becoming spirit.

“ And who the devil, Lady Tudor, values their resentment or their spirit,” replied Sir Griffith, “ Eliza Tudor wants no favors from them I suppose, and as to

him, I am ashamed of the relationship. A poor, pitiful, sneaking, cowardly, ignorant blockhead : I am glad in my soul that the girl did try what mettle he possessed I should have been d——d sorry to have had such a chicken-hearted puppy as that for a son-in-law—a fellow as big as the Philistian giant, and ye so destitute of courage as to be afraid to say boo to a goose. Did your sister nurse him at home? D—n him, I believe he is an impostor ; he has not an ounce of Cambrian blood in his veins.”

Lady Tudor would have defended her nephew from the imputation of cowardice, and would have assigned physical reasons for the weakness of his nerves ; but Sir Griffith ridiculed her explanations, and treated his character with so much irony, that her ladyship was obliged to give up the point, protesting that the strength of Hercules would be insufficient to combat with him, and that David Morgan had really a lucky escape in not

marrying Miss Tudor, who happening to have a robust constitution herself, would have had as little mercy on poor David's weak system as he had on her's.

"As to his weakness, Lady Tudor," replied Sir Griffith, "it chiefly lay in his head; but it is all owing to his education: if he had been a son of mine, I would have taught him.—But d—n it, what is the use of talking to you. If I had suffered you to bring up Eliza after your fashion, she would have been screaming at the sight of a frog, and fainting if a wasp had buzzed in her ear. As it is, she has no affectation, and knows nothing of weak nerves, hates the smell of hartshorn and burnt feathers; never is troubled with low spirits and hysterics, but is full of health and animation."

"I wish she had less animation, and more delicacy," replied Lady Tudor.

"Delicacy! a fiddlestick!" rejoined Sir Griffith. "D—n delicacy, it makes

a woman worse than a fool. I hate your die-away dolls that are for ever swallowing slops, and sniffing essences, and fancying themselves ill if the wind blows upon them. I hate your hot-house plants, sickly, and drooping—my girl is a fine spirited, lively, mad little devil, and I love her because she can gallop after a fox all day, and dance after a fiddle all night: and d—n me, she does not mind the smell of gunpowder, and that is more than can be said of some of the family, who no sooner come within scent of it, than they faint away.”

Mr. David Morgan returned to London, mortified and disappointed beyond measure. The great wealth to which it was known he was heir had rendered him an object of universal importance and attention among the young ladies of the city, who had not been niggardly in displaying all the attractions of dress, airs, and graces, to obtain the notice of Mr. David Morgan, in the contemplation of whose

riches they had sunk the plainness of his person. It was true that Miss Congo and Miss Figgins had severally assailed his heart, and had even disputed the honor of being his partner at the city balls : but he had cruelly overlooked the tender advances of these ladies, and at the instigation of his mamma, had set off for North Wales, supposing that in those remote parts, a person coming immediately from London, the emporium of taste, elegance, and fashion, would be considered a demigod. His cousin Eliza, brought up in Wales, he had been taught to consider an absolute mountaineer, who could not fail to be attracted by his graces, and whose affections and consent would be obtained without the smallest difficulty ; for how was it in the nature of possibilities to suppose that a girl whom he imagined had only been used to the rude society of Welch boors, could resist, or fail to be captivated by the various attractions that united in him, who, in order to ac-

comply himself for genteel company, had since he had arrived at man's estate taken a dozen private lessons from Signor Latoni, who undertakes to improve the gait, and teach grown gentlemen to dance; of him whose crop had been elegantly trimmed by the Prince of Wales's own hair dresser, whose coat had been made by the Duke of York's tailor, and whose hussar boots had been bought of Hoby.

So equipped for conquest, David Morgan, and David Morgan's mamma, conceived him irresistible. What a disappointment! What a mortification! What a degradation! A little Welch romp had insolently refused him, had put a trick upon a man of his figure and consequence. Another mountaineer had also rejected him: he measured his way back in a far different frame of mind to that in which he undertook the journey. When seated at his desk in Milk-lane, he began to calculate and lament the mo-

ney he had so unprofitably wasted, to curse his journey into Wales, and the natives, among whom he did not forget to include Adeline Llewellyn, and to prepare and fortify himself to sustain the sneers and airs of Miss Congo, and Miss Figgins, and the rest of his city acquaintance, who he knew would be glad of the opportunity of shewing off their wit at his expence.

His mamma vowed never to forgive the affront put upon her darling boy, while his father gravely observed that "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," and that if David had followed his advice, and taken "Time by the forelock," all would have been well, but it was a true saying, "Farther on fare worse;" that if he had wanted a wife he need not have gone from Dan to Bethsheba; there were enough to be had: plenty as mackarel in the city, without travelling so far to bring back nothing. However, he hoped he had bought a

pennyworth of wit; and that he would understand in future that "A penny saved was a penny earned," and that it was not all "Gold that glittered."

Mrs. Morgan desired her husband to hold his tongue, and to think before he spoke. Davy was not at all to blame, he had acted, as he always did, like a dutiful son, and had followed her advice, which she had given to the very best of her judgment; and if it had not turned out as they wished, why they could not help it, and it was in vain to reflect upon them for the faults of other people.

Mr. Morgan told David that Miss Figgins's West India uncle was dead, and had left her a hundred thousand pounds; and now there was another chance for him.

Mrs. Morgan approved the idea, and advised David to deny altogether having gone into Wales to court his cousin, and to lose no time in offering himself to Miss

Figgins, who would now be one of the greatest fortunes in the city.

David promised to obey, and his father told him to "Strike while the iron was hot;" that Miss Figgins had once expressed a great regard for him, and he hoped that she would not now tell him "He that will not when he may, when he will he shall have nay."

David said he was not afraid of that. Miss Figgins had often expressed herself plainly in his favor, and he had no doubt but he might have her whenever he liked.

The next day Mr. David Morgan, armed at all points for conquest, went into Gracechurch-street to visit Miss Figgins, and beheld before the door an elegant coroneted barouche, and half-a-dozen servants with their liveries covered with silver lace hovering about it.

Mr. and Mrs. Figgins received him with their usual kindness, but he was

soon given to understand that Martha was on the point of marriage with Lord Delmore, a young nobleman, whose estate, a good deal out of elbows, had condescended to bestow his title on Miss Figgins in exchange for her wealth. While he was receiving this appalling intelligence, Miss Figgins entered the room, and scarcely bestowing a nod of recognition on poor David, told her mother that she was going with Lord Delmore to an auction.

David Morgan, vexed and disappointed, left the house in greater haste than he had entered it: but before he had reached the top of the street, he encountered an acquaintance, with whom he entered into a long conversation on some mercantile transaction, which detained him till the coroneted barouche, in which Lord Delmore, attended by his servants, was driving Miss Figgins, came dashing along: just as it got opposite to David, the wheels passing through the

kennel splashed the unfortunate fellow all over.

Miss Figgins, delighted at seeing his face spattered with mud, laughed immoderately as she rolled triumphantly along, seated by the simpering peer, the envy and admiration of all her city friends.

Mrs. Morgan consoled her son, and wondered at Mr. Figgins allowing his daughter to throw her money away upon a spendthrift from the west end of the town, who, when they took wives from the city, always treated them with contempt, and made them sensible that their wealth was all their attraction.

“Aye, aye,” replied Mr. Morgan, “light come, light go.” Toby Figgins and Jonathan toiled late and early, and got their money by the sweat of their brows; now it will go like ‘Chaff before the wind.’ This lord will soon race it away upon the turf, or rattle it away at a gaming table, and then her ladyship, reduced to beggary, may wish she had

been content to be plain Mrs. Morgan, the merchant's wife.

David, sore with disappointment, vowed that women were all jilts, that he would have nothing to do with them, but make up his mind to live and die a bachelor; for seeing as how that women were always changing their minds, a man would have nothing to do but study their tempers, and after all very likely not be able to please them—so for his part, as they had treated him after that there ungrateful fashion, he should give them up entirely.

Mr. Morgan senior laughed heartily at his son's determination, which he was sure he would break before a month was at end, and he was to remember that "Bad beginnings made good endings," and that "marriages were made in heaven," so that when his time came he would be sure of a wife, for "marrying and hanging went by destiny."

David listened, and was consoled: his

father's wisely treasured sayings comforted him in the hour of affliction and mortification, for his sorrows were of a nature to be soothed.

Love was not to make either the felicity or misery of his life, and as long as commerce flourished, and money accumulated, his heart disdained to sigh for so capricious a toy as woman.

END OF VOL. I.

B. CLARKE, Printer, Well-Street, London.

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